JEFFERSON MACK

# SECRET FREEDOM FIGHTER

## FIGHTING TYRANNY WITHOUT TERRORIZING THE INNOCENT

Life is not worth much if you're not free--and worth nothing at all if you're dead. Freedom can be stolen from you at any time. Be prepared. Find out how every citizen can maximize his own freedom while minimizing the risks by being a secret freedom fighter.

A totalitarian state is what we might get after the collapse of society, economic disaster or natural cataclysm. And then we'll have to fight for our freedom as well as for survival. If you want to be a secret freedom fighter, you won't join any protest groups, stand on street corners making speeches, or run with a mob that throws rocks at cops. The secret freedom fighter must fight alone.

The secret freedom fighter has to be the invisible man, always working in secret. Because he is one man working alone, he doesn't have to do as much damage in a single operation as a guerrilla force would to justify the risk. And he doesn't have to worry that someone will betray him and turn him in to the authorities.

With years of experience in governmental, religious and freelance assignments around the world, the author has learned how unfree governments work and where they are most vulnerable to attack by an individual acting on his own. He tells which targets are fair game--and which aren't--choosing weapons and methods, lethal and non lethal tactics, working within your own limitations to wreak havoc on morale and government operations, and much more.

Secret Freedom Fighter:
Fighting Tyranny without Terrorizing the Innocent
by Jefferson Mack
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## Foreword

Please smuggle this book into any country that you can. No other single work can do more damage to enemies of freedom.

Because the author saw and experienced freedom being eroded and limited, he felt compelled to revolt against this dangerous trend. His strategy, as revealed in this book, is wonderfully simple: freedom fighters must plan and act in secret. Having traveled and worked throughout the world, Jefferson Mack can discuss freedom from an international viewpoint. He does not separate American freedom from Soviet freedom from African freedom. He understands that true freedom must be absolute and each must pursue it in his own way.

The secret freedom fighter maximizes his own freedom while minimizing the risks. He foregoes the psychological need for recognition by acting alone, contrary to man's need to band with others in times of trouble.

Unlike a member of an underground resistance movement, the secret freedom fighter has to be the invisible man in order to inflict the most harm he can to the authorities who are stealing his freedom, while also making himself less vulnerable to those who may betray him and turn him in to the authorities. A pat on the back and support and encouragement from others are not to come to him.

The whole idea is that there will be a lot of other people out there doing the same thing. It's the combined effect that counts.

The author's practical approach makes The Secret Freedom Fighter a how-to book. Its directness allows the reader to pick the level of involvement that best suits the circumstances. Jefferson Mack understands that people have different strengths and weaknesses, and that is why they should work within their own limitations to further their freedom. And this makes sense: an elderly person probably would not make a good freedom fighter in "the hills"; in fact, he or she likely would be a liability. But that same person could prove a superb saboteur or spy. Jefferson Mack provides specific tactics on how to accomplish a given goal. Whether it is how to use a magnet to sabotage a computer or how to use an ice pick to assassinate an oppressor, the prospective freedom fighter's survival is stressed. Self-sacrificing heroes are not glorified.

The secret freedom fighter must go after those who take his freedom away, taking care to never cause injury to the ordinary citizen. Anyone who truly believes in freedom could never condone or participate in acts of violence, says Mack, who despises terrorism and takes care to explain that it's cowardly and plain doesn't work. During this explanation, he defines and differentiates "acts of terror" and "acts of war."

To dramatize his examples, Mack uses the scenario of Soviet occupation of the United States. While this possibility seems preposterous to readers sipping cognac in over- stuffed chairs, the scenario claws at the mind's edges enough to give pause. Even during this extreme, readers are instructed not to rally and run for the hills, but to stay in place and not tell anyone they are fighting.

A distinction between good citizens-who blindly obey all laws and restrictions on their freedoms and bad citizens-who do not-explains how bad citizens have helped keep America free. For example, the so-called underground economy in America may be an expression of citizens' rebellion against a loophole-ridden taxation system. Perhaps the seventeen years of Prohibition taught us that morals cannot be legislated, and that those who broke the law during that period were breaking an unjust law. In short, good citizens do not question laws or ordinances, they mindlessly obey them. Bad citizens, on the other hand, obey fair and just laws while protesting others by breaking or bending them.

Because this book will be banned in certain countries and heavily censored in others, it may be banned eventually in America during a repressive administration. Should this occur, you will possess a most important and practical resource. One sentence bears quoting if not memorizing: "Leaders are not to be trusted and followed, they are to be controlled and limited." These kinds of truths abound and you may find yourself unconsciously quoting from the book.

Robert Himber

Robert Himber, formerly the managing editor of SURVIVE magazine, graduated from Vietnam, class of '66, and holds an advanced degree in social science.

## Introduction

I love America, but not just the geography, the land, and the people. America is more than that. It's an idea, and it's the idea that I love, the idea that human beings can be free, not because some king or lord gives them freedom, but because they insist on living that way.

Even though I love America, I've spent most of my life living someplace else. That's where the money and the adventure were for a man with my special kinds of talents. But an American never really leaves home. He always takes that idea with him, the idea that he is free because he insists on being free, that no one has the right to dictate his thoughts, his desires, his will, or his actions.

The longer I have lived in other countries, the more 1 have learned to love the idea of America and the people that live that idea.

Americans are different from the rest of the world. Whether our families came over on the Mayflower or with the latest boatload of refugees from the newest commie hell, we all love that same idea, the idea of freedom.

Americans are good people and kind people. We love to cooperate, to work together. We invented the idea of teamwork, the idea that by giving a bit of one's self, we not only work for the common good, but we make our own lives better too. We donate more to charity, we give more to our churches, and we do more voluntary work than any other nation in the world.

Because Americans are good people, most Americans obey most of the laws most of the time. We like to get along with the neighbors, we like the peaceful life, and we would rather bargain and compromise than fight. Most of us don't steal, rape, pillage, or kill. We have no tolerance for the violent criminal, the thug, or the thief. But we are not law- abiding citizens. We are a nation of lawbreakers. Americans break more laws, more often than any other group of people in the world.

We break laws any time it suits us because we Americans insist on making our own decisions on what good behavior is. We don't let politicians, do-gooders, religious cranks, or puritan bluenoses tell us what is good and what is bad. We decide that ourselves. If we don't like what they tell us to do, even if they pass a law, we don't do it. We want the cop on the beat, but we want him protecting us from the violent criminals, not telling us how to run our own lives. When he starts trying to do that, we thumb our nose at him, make him the butt of our jokes, and keep right on doing what we want to do.

We are the only country in the world where a businessman can make millions of dollars selling a device-a radar device- whose sole purpose is to help us break the law. Some of us don't like the traffic laws and we don't like the way they are enforced. We buy radar detectors so we won't get caught when we break the law. We think it's smart, and we brag to our friends about how we do it.

We don't just break the law ourselves. We help other people, even strangers, do it too. That's the real reason most of you bought that CB unit for your car, so strangers could warn you and you could warn them when the highway patrol was on the prowl. Even without the CB, we'll flash our lights three times and gratefully slow down when some other stranger returns us the favor on another day.

When the policeman stops protecting us, we do it our- selves, even if we have to break the law. We made a hero out of a nervous, little man who broke the laws of New York and started carrying an illegal pistol on the subway, then used it on four thugs waving sharpened screwdrivers. The main criticism we hear of his action is that he turned himself in. We wanted him to get away scot-free.

Thousands of Americans buy semiautomatic weapons and then convert them to full-automatic fire, and never bother to tell the Feds or pay the fee for the conversion. If you are not sure how to do that, some fellow American will sell you a book explaining the operation in detail. If necessary, he'll disguise his purpose, claiming the book will teach you how to repair guns. In the process, he'll also teach you how to make a silencer to go with your illegal weapon.

But why would any law-abiding American want a silenced MAC-10? He's not buying it so he can rob a bank the next time he loses his job or hire himself out to protect shipments of cocaine. He's buying that weapon because he doesn't trust authority, even the authority he helped elect. He knows that he is his only ultimate guarantee of his own freedom and he wants a weapon he can use if he has to prove it.

We take pride in being U.S. citizens, and most of us pay our taxes, not because it's the law, but because we want to do our share. But a lot of Americans have decided the tax system is no longer fair. They have started breaking the law, and the IRS can't do much about it. The small business- man running a bar or a restaurant slips a twenty-dollar bill into his pocket instead of the cash register every day. That's over $7,000 in tax-free income every year, and that doesn't include the leftover food he takes home to feed his family, but writes off as spoilage. A carpenter builds a sun deck for the dentist that fixed the carpenter's kid's teeth. It's a bar- gain for both of them, but each such act breaks the law because neither person reported the equivalent income on his tax return. (Imagine, the IRS really does insist that the government should get paid a share of that deal.)

I spent a couple of years working in Washington, D.C., one time. A lot of my friends lived in the suburbs of Northern Virginia. Virginia puts a high tax on liquor. Not one of my friends ever served me a drink out of a bottle with a Virginia State tax stamp on it. They all bought their booze in liquor stores in the District of Columbia at 25 to 50 per- cent less than what the same bottle costs on the Virginia side of the Potomac. That was against Virginia State law, but who cared? The Virginia authorities would run stories in the news- papers once in a while listing the punishments for illegally bringing untaxed liquor into the state, and a rumor once even made the rounds that Virginia tax men were sitting in the parking lots of District of Columbia liquor stores jotting down license plate numbers. That didn't stop all those law- breakers, but some of them did start parking down the street or taking a D.C. cab over to the liquor store.

I have another friend who lives on a forested ridge line in a rural area of one of our western states. Somewhere around a hundred deer live there, too. The state game laws allow him and his wife to shoot two deer apiece during a three-week period every year if they buy the proper licenses and deer tags. They buy the licenses and tags, but if they and the few other families on the same ridge obeyed the part of the law which limits the take to two deer per hunter during a short season, a minimum of twenty deer a year would starve to death each winter. By not adhering to this limit, no deer starve, and the few families on the ridge eat venison from November to April.

They're breaking the law and they know it. But they think it's a stupid law, at least as it applies to their little part of the world. They don't brag about it, and they go to a great deal of trouble disposing of the extra hides, antlers, hooves, bones, and innards. They eat well, and the deer herd stays stabilized at just the right size for the available winter for- age.

I've worked from inside our government and I've seen the authoritarian mentality at work from close at hand: people who think they're smarter and more clever than the rest of us and that they therefore have the right to decide what's best for us, without ever bothering to let us know about it. People who love authority love secrecy. If we don't know what they are doing to us, we can't complain and we can't fight it.

That kind of authoritarian mind quickly discovers it's pretty damn hard to keep a secret in America. I'm not talking about military secrets. Nothing is lower than the little shit who sells a code system to the Russians. I'm talking about the kind of secret some government official is trying to hide because he doesn't want American citizens to know what he is planning to do to them.

They keep trying to keep those kinds of vicious little secrets, and it never works. It never works because there is always some guy in the bureaucracy that breaks the law. He picks up the phone and calls the local newspaper and leaks the story. Dick Nixon would have gotten away clean if people like "Deep Throat" hadn't broken the laws against exposing government information.

Americans don't like people in authority, and we love to get away with something that proves we are still living free. Once a day, or once a week, or maybe only once a year, we all claim the right to break a law. We all say the hell with authority; we all do something that makes those who think they run the system mad at us.

I know one fellow who does his bit once every ten years. He refuses to fill out his census form. He says the people in Washington have no business knowing how many bathrooms he has in his house, and if they ever find out, they will probably use the information against him. So he throws the form in the trash can. He doesn't make a 'big deal about it. He doesn't confront the census taker. If he is asked where his form is, he says he misplaced it, accepts another, promises to fill it out and send it in immediately, and then throws it into the same trash can where he threw the first form.

That's not a revolution. His single act in a decade isn't going to destroy the Bureau of the Census. But that's the way he proves to himself he is still a free man, that he still makes his own voluntary decision about what commands he will obey and what commands he will ignore.

Thousands of Americans every day break laws they don't like. They play a game of poker or money in their own front room, they buy a number from a runner, they smoke pot, they snort coke, they skip town to avoid alimony payments, they take their kids out of a public school and educate them at home, they don't register for the draft when they turn eighteen, or they smuggle a watch into the country coming back from a trip to Hong Kong.

Not one of those lawbreakers is doing anything that hurts you and me. They are not what is wrong with America. They are what is right with America. They are the spirit of freedom in action.

I have lived in countries where people don't have that spirit of freedom. Sometimes life hasn't been all that bad for those people living without freedom. They have food on the table, a roof over their heads, a job, movies, TV-most of the things the average American has. But they don't have their own lives. Their lives belong to the men on top, the men with authority.

Not all my fellow Americans feel as strongly about freedom as I do. Sometimes I'm afraid that more of them don't than do. But every time I go back home, I find the freedom lovers are still out there, still making up their own minds, still giving authority the finger any time authority starts getting in the way of free living.

Freedom lovers don't have to be in a majority. But as long as they are out there, insisting on living free, ignoring those who try to tell them they must conform, freedom will last.

I have seen the unfree world. I can't imagine it happening here, not without the total destruction of our country through a nuclear holocaust. There are too many of us that love freedom too much to give it up as long as we live.

They may try to take our freedom away. Somebody is out there planning it right now. But there is a surprise waiting for them, a spirit they don't understand.

Every man with a radar detector in his car, anyone who ever cheated on an income-tax form, every seventeen-year- old who has figured out how to buy a bottle of beer, every- one who knows the taste of out-of-season trout, every driver who ignored a parking ticket, anyone who ever made some wine in the cellar but neglected to fill out the federal form the law requires, every woman who needed and got an abortion back when they were illegal, every man that's made an illegal bet on a football game, every bureaucrat that blew a whistle and embarrassed the guy at the top all these people are already secret freedom fighters.

You are out there waiting, waiting for the day when things get serious, when the people in charge stop trying to limit freedom and start trying to take it away altogether. You will be free, because you will insist on it.

## 1. Caught and Too Fat to Flee

What happens when they steal your freedom and you're too fat to run for the hills?

It can happen here.

It happened in Czechoslovakia, Chile, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Laos, Nicaragua, Ethiopia, Cuba, and dozens of other countries around the world. Free people woke up one morning and discovered they weren't free anymore. They lost it through invasion, or the manipulation of crooked politicians, or a coup by some army officers, or more often than we like to admit, through an election.

There weren't any atomic bombs, and most of the time, there weren't any devastated cities, executions in the streets, or massive occupation armies. For a good part of the population, it was sort of hard to tell they weren't free, for a while. It takes time for a government to recruit secret police, get them spread throughout a society, and start the insidious process that turns men against neighbors and takes away the one thing humans must have to be happy-freedom.

In just about every country that's lost its freedom, there were a few people who have tried to do something about it. They joined resistance movements, fled into other countries, committed personal acts of sabotage, or tried to use whatever legal means were left in place to get some of their freedom back.

Unfortunately, almost always, there weren't very many people ready to take any risks to try to get freedom back. Most people in unfree countries decide it's easier to go along. Too often, too many don't see the loss of freedom as that big of a deal.

That's the way the people who steal freedom want it. They want the average citizen still at the job, worried about what he is going to put in his mouth more than what he can say with it. The first day they take your freedom away, they are only too happy to let you get up in the morning, eat breakfast with the kids, take off for the office or the factory, and put in a full day's work. It's only when you have gotten used to their being around that they start cracking down, taking a little piece at a time, a day at a time. Every inch of the way they will keep telling you it's all for your own good and safety.

That's bull-shit. The only reason political leaders take freedom away is for their own good and safety. That's the way they make sure they keep their jobs.

### TOO MANY PEOPLE DON'T GIVE A DAMN IF THEY ARE FREE OR NOT.

In every country that ever lost its freedoms, the men in power rule with the acquiescence of the general population. Ninety percent of the people in all those unfree countries not only tolerate the loss of their freedom, they actively cooperate with the authorities that have taken their freedom away. All too many of them, especially in those countries that lost freedom to clever politicians rather than invasion, think they are getting a good deal. They have bought the propaganda line sold by those who stole freedom. They believe that they really are better off losing a bit of freedom so they can be saved from hunger, political terrorists, Jews, blacks, Christians, commies, Nazis, crime in the streets, or whatever other fear stalks the streets of their own nightmares.

If you are living in one of those countries where freedom has been lost and you want to fight to get it back, you have to expect you are going to be in the minority. Most of your friends and neighbors aren't going to want to join you. In fact, most of them will gladly turn you in just so they can earn a little credit with the local boss. If you succeed in winning freedom back, they won't give a damn, they won't thank you, and they will probably hate your guts for taking away the goodies the local tyrant was handing out as rewards for people who would rather be comfortable than free.

DON'T SACRIFICE YOURSELF TO WIN FREEDOM FOR SOMEBODY ELSE.

All you want is your own freedom. If you do any of the things suggested in this book, you should only do them if it results in making you feel a bit more free. You don't think it can happen here without at least a nuclear war? Don't kid yourself. Washington, D.C., is crammed with politicians who would love to trade large chunks of your freedom for promises to make life a bit easier, safer, or more secure.

What's worse, there are a lot of your fellow Americans out there that want that kind of trade, as long as they get to be the ones that benefit. Just make sure it's only the blacks, or the Jews, or the bankers, or the farmers, or the labor unions, or the people that like to wear cowboy boots and carry Winchesters in their pickups that get stomped on, and they'll sign up right away for the great crusade.

A couple of years ago some smart ass showed several hundred city dwellers a copy of the Bill of Rights and asked them to sign a petition to make it a law. Sixty percent of the people who read it not only didn't recognize what it was, but they said they wouldn't vote for it.

One group or another is trying to take away every one of the rights guaranteed in Thomas Jefferson's inspired first ten amendments. They want to terminate your rights to own and use weapons for your own protection. They want to tell you what you can and can't read. They want to control how you spend the money you make. They want to tell you when, where, and how you can drink a can of Coors, and where you can go after you drink it. They want to tell you how to pray and when to pray. Every piece of freedom they want to take away, they'll do it while telling you it's for your own good, or for the good of everybody."

If it's not enough that we have to put up with the vipers in our own country, there are all those other bastards out there, the Soviets, the Ayatollahs, the Red Guards, and the neo-Nazis that won't even bother with trying it through political means. They're waiting for one slip in our defenses and they'll be only too happy to move in and take our freedoms away by force.

IT CAN HAPPEN HERE.

Maybe it will come after a nuclear war that we lose but you survive. It's just as likely We'll do it to ourselves, voting the bastards in because too many people believe in their politicians instead of themselves.

You wake up one morning and find that the mayor has been carted off to a camp for reeducation, and some bearded kid wearing a cap with a red star is sitting in his chair signing orders to confiscate your tractor, your barn, your farm land, and your kid's pet calf.

Or maybe the sheriff has come around with a piece of paper in his hand and an apology while he collects your target pistol, two hunting rifles, and your kid's 410. Your favorite bar is selling nothing but Kool-Aid, the federal government has closed the bank and confiscated your checking account, and the only thing you can get on the TV is the mug of the new president appointed by the Joint Chiefs of Staff who is telling you what great things he is going to do for you.

What are you going to do then? You say you are going to take to the hills, that you have a food and weapons stash waiting for just this kind of thing to happen? You're going to do what the Afghan, the Nicaraguan, and the Angolan freedom fighters are doing: you're going to take up open rebellion and try to win freedom back through force of arms.

More power to you and lots of luck. You'll need it. Frankly, freedom fighters in the hills haven't been very successful in this century. They get good press and they die glorious deaths, but the countries they are fighting to make free get less free every day. Even so, I applaud you. If given the chance, I'11 do what I can to help you. But I'm too honest with myself to try and fool you by promising I'11 be up there in the hills with you. I look down at my gut and I'm honest enough to admit I'd just be in the way.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO RUN FOR THE HILLS TO FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

So what do you do if you love freedom and want it back, but you're like me? You're on the wrong side of forty, you can't run a twelve-minute mile, let alone a five. You've had too many years of the good life which shows in the overhang covering your belt.

Or maybe you are in good shape. You hunt and fish every chance you get, you raise a garden in the backyard, you do your own home repairs, and you work on a construction job. The problem is you've got a couple of young kids and a wife that's a homemaker, not a career lady who will keep bringing in a paycheck to feed the family while you play hero. Your job hasn't been abolished, even though your pay's been cut and your hours increased, and you already have heard some not-too-gentle suggestions about what might happen to that pretty wife and the two little boys if you don't show up at the factory on Monday morning.

Well, you say, you'll join the underground support mechanism. Work in town as a courier, carry out sabotage missions, help print and distribute secret newspapers, spy on the movements of the government oppressors, and report to the rebels in the mountains.

Again, more power and good luck to you, if you can make the connection. That will be the problem, finding the people in the underground. If you already have some ideas about who that might be if things go haywire, the people who take over will know about them, too. The first thing they will do is round up the most popular school teacher, or the commander of the local VFW, or whoever else is a community leader that believes in freedom.

Those people will all be in a reeducation center, if they're still alive. You start asking questions about where you can join up and you'll end up in the same camp with them. Believe me, if it happens here, there will be spies everywhere, trying to ferret out your kind of people, people who don't buy the promises, who still want to control their own lives, who still believe the only choice is to live free or die.

No, I am not arguing that you have to go along, to keep reporting to work, to cooperate and keep your mouth shut, hoping that some time in the future somebody will give you, or maybe your grandchildren, back their freedom.

Unfortunately, that is what most people are doing in all those countries that have little or no freedom. But there is an alternative, and that's what this book is about. The alternative has its risks-fighting for freedom always does-but the things that are described in this book are the kinds of things you can do while cutting down the personal risks you have to take for both yourself and your family.

You don't have to get organized; in fact, that is what you want to avoid. You work in secret, letting no one know what you are doing.

## DON'T TRY TO GET YOUR FREEDOM BACK BY ORGANIZING.

Grab every bit of freedom you can on your own and run with it. I know that sounds strange and goes against everything you have ever been told about the importance of organizing, the need to play on a winning team, and how there is strength in numbers. The people who preach organization don't want you to be free, they want to control you so they can be free to do what they want.

A truly free society is disorganized. In that kind of society, everyone is doing exactly what they want to do and taking orders from nobody. That doesn't mean you can stomp the other guy for the fun it gives you. He's entitled to freedom too. Because everybody respects everybody else's right, a free society is peaceful, but it is disorganized. Nobody is in charge. Nobody takes orders.

You might think such a disorganized society would be easy to conquer, but it is not. Any society in which people refuse to cooperate unless they agree it's to their own advantage to do so can't be governed except by the will of the people, or by the massive application of force.

It's the ordered societies where people are used to doing what they are told to do that are easy to conquer. That's why a handful of Spanish soldiers conquered Mexico in the sixteenth century. They lopped off the head of the Aztec Empire and had every Indian in the country instantly obeying the orders of the new rulers. The poor slobs had been so organized by the Aztec emperors that they didn't know how to do anything else but follow orders.

If a lot of people all over a country that's lost its freedom did the kinds of things described in this book, then the devil help the people in power, because they are going to need it. If only ten percent of the men and women living in the unfree countries of the world followed the advice in this book, things in those countries would fall apart so fast that the rulers would have to grant a few more freedoms.

Unfortunately, this book probably won't be read in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Chile, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Laos, Nicaragua, Ethiopia, or Cuba. (Although let's hope somebody does smuggle a few copies into some of those countries.) This is the kind of book that the freedom stealers fear the most.

There will be more than a few politicians in this country that will condemn this book. It is pretty obvious that some of the things I propose could make it difficult to impose their grandiose schemes of social control.

Screw them. The more people who buy this book, the more those fancy bastards will be put on notice that they had better not try it here. We still have a few of our freedoms, and the time to prepare to fight to get them back is before we lose them. So read this carefully, memorize the suggestions and programs, but don't get caught with a copy or with any notes you've made if it does happen here. Just be ready to start your career as a secret freedom fighter.

That's what this book is about. How to not cooperate, how to secretly carry out a campaign that, when combined with similar campaigns by hundreds and thousands of other people, each acting as a lone individual, will give whoever has taken over so much trouble that they will soon regret the day they stole freedom.

If you are the only person in the country who does these things, you get the personal satisfaction of knowing that there was one free man left. If a lot of other people start doing the same things, then you will get your freedom back.

### A SECRET FREEDOM FIGHTER FIGHTS ALONE.

Nobody ever gives an ant an order. Yet, by picking up a single grain of sand and carrying it away, the ant helps dig the nest in the desert. The secret freedom fighter is like the ant.
Working without instruction or orders from anyone, he follows his natural instincts, fighting the oppressor whenever and wherever he can. Yet in a freedom-loving society, he will not be working alone. Others, hopefully hundreds and thousands of others, will also be operating, acting without direction or order.

The total sum of thousands of individual acts will give the appearance of a massive organization. That's what the oppressor will think he is facing-an organized rebellion.
He will look for leaders that aren't there, secret headquarters that don't exist, and couriers who carry no messages.

The organization will never be found. All there will be is a single individual, multiplied thousands of times.

## 2. Hunting Flies with Sledgehammers

So you live in this great country but you don't like the high taxes, the double nickel, the current games limits, or the drinking laws of your state. That doesn't mean you want to start killing IRS agents, blowing up police stations, or cutting up bartenders that throw you out at closing time.

This book isn't written for teenage hippies, terrorists, commie revolutionaries, sickies who want to sacrifice themselves for humanity, or people who want to build a better world for the masses-whoever the hell the masses are. This book is written for the ordinary guy who wants to maximize the freedom he has in his own life. There can come a time when you may have to make the choice between living free or dying, but you want to make damn sure that time has come before you risk a long prison sentence or the chance to smoke your last cigarette in front of a firing squad.

Most governments may be bad, but they aren't all the same. The kinds of things you want to be doing to keep your freedom are going to depend on what kinds of hassles you're getting from the people in charge. So, before you decide to start doing some of the things described later in this book, you'll want to make an honest examination of just what kind of government you are being oppressed by.

Governments come in four basic forms or classes. There is a lot of variation in three of the classes in terms of how much freedom the citizens have. Also, democracy is a popular ideal these days, so even the most despotic ruler will claim he leads a democratic government. That's why they call all those commie countries "Democratic Peoples Republics." Never believe a leader's description of his government. They will all insist they are Class One governments. None of them are.

### CLASS ONE GOVERNMENTS: TRUE FREE DEMOCRACIES

A Class One government is an association of equal and free citizens in which each citizen can do anything he wants as long as he doesn't use force or fraud against another citizen. The government is a covenant of the great majority of the citizens. The only reasons for its existence are the protection of the public from criminals and foreign attack, and the need for laws and rules to define such things as real property ownership, as well as methods to legally settle disputes between citizens, defend the environment, and assure public health and safety.

While laws are passed by majority vote, the majority will not vote any law that denies a minority equal treatment, takes unequal advantage of any minority (be they rich or poor), or denies any individual any basic right.

Anybody that lives in this kind of a country is living in a free paradise. He won't have to use any of the methods described in this book. He can afford to be a good citizen, because that will be the best way to maximize his freedom and ensure he gets his fair share according to his own abilities and drive.

He will, however, have to be constantly alert. Politicians, authoritarians, the lazy, the weak, and the easily frightened hate this kind of government. Every single day they will be scheming, plotting, and maneuvering to find ways to change such a free society into something less free.

This kind of country is going to have a lot of rich people and a lot of poor people because everybody will pretty much end up at a level determined by their drive and ability. Such a country will also have a large middle class. Life in such a society entails a great deal of risk because a person will generally succeed or fail on the basis of his own merit.

Those who find themselves the victims of misfortunes of weather, natural disasters, economic competition, or other tragedies of life, however, won't have to suffer unduly. There will always be a chance to start over and usually somebody will be there willing to put out a hand to help. Free people have always been a kind and generous people, helping those in a jam, or those less fortunate. However, in a free society such assistance and cooperation is always voluntary, never forced or controlled by the government.

Unfortunately, there is not a country in the world like this today. The people who wrote our constitution described such a country in that document and its first ten amendments. Yet, even those wise gentlemen ignored the fact that large numbers of people living in the United States were being held as slaves, a situation totally inconsistent with any society claiming to be free.

A brave president, a bloody war, and the 13th, 14th, and 15th amendments finally resolved the slave issue, and from the period of about 1866 to around the turn of the century, the United States came as close as any country in history has ever come to matching up with the ideal of a Class One country. It was a time of freedom. and that may be one reason we have idealized that period so much in our arts, making the cowboy and the Western movie the symbol of a free man in a free country.

Then the politicians discovered a horrible fact of life. A lot of Americans, especially those living in the eastern cities, didn't really understand what freedom was all about. The politicians discovered they could keep themselves in office and expand their personal power by playing one group against another, bargaining the offer of a soft life in return for taking the power from the people and investing it in themselves and their bureaucracy.

They started by claiming that majority rule was all that counted and then took advantage of the fact that the majority was too willing to take advantage of a minority without asking permission. The free United States, led by self-seeking politicians and a growing bureaucracy, began the drift that has turned us into a Class Two country.

## CLASS TWO GOVERNMENTS: RESTRICTED FREEDOM DEMOCRACIES

These are the governments where politicians, in order to ensure their continued employment in office, have sold the population the idea that the majority should rule-always. They preach that the majority has the right to decide what everyone will do, even if big chunks of the minority don't want to give up an afternoon drink, their target pistol, their snowmobile, their gas-guzzling 1952 Cadillac, or the right to spend all the money they earn the way they think it should be spent.

Once the politicians have the idea of majority rule sold, they are set to buy votes by promising all sorts of goodies to specific groups of people. Of course all those things have to be paid for by taxing or denying opportunities to a whole lot of people that get none of the benefit. But so what? Majority rules.

Pretty soon, you have massive welfare programs, high taxes, restrictive social legislation, and complicated rules and regulations for damn near anything you might want to do or any kind of business you might want to go into.

In this kind of government, at least at first, all the usual trappings of a Class One government are still in place. There are free elections. Laws are only made by elected officials. There is freedom of the press and most other political freedoms like freedom to assemble, freedom of religion, and freedom to petition the government.

The problem is that as politicians grant more and more privileges to different groups, playing them off against each other, we find ourselves increasingly less in control of our own lives and tied up in laws, taxes, and regulations. More and more, decisions are taken away from you and exercised by the government. You're told whether or not you can raise a pig in your own backyard, what you must do to open a small business, who gets to cut hair and who doesn't, what time you can open a bar and when you have to close, where you can buy a gun and what you have to show to get it, and on, and on, and on. We even had the absurdity a few years ago of having the federal government tell us which days of the week we could buy gas for our family vehicle.

Every time the elected representatives in a Class Two government pass a law giving some group special rights or privileges, everybody else is told it is all for the common good, that even if you lose a few rights, that's okay because it's majority rule that counts, not freedom. The time finally comes when people are spending so much of their money and time on the common good that they have no time or money left to spend on getting what they want out of life.

It is perfectly possible for a Class Two government to drift into a situation where people have as little or less freedom in their own lives as people living in a totalitarian state.

That's what's happening in Sweden where taxes have gotten so high that both parents must work just to stay even. Of course the State provides care centers for the children, which is one way of making sure the kids grow up thinking state control is the greatest thing possible. A massive bureaucracy has been built up in that country that is increasingly involved in even the most intimate of personal decision-making.

Most restricted freedom democracies, especially our own, have one thing still going for them. They still have the democratic system in place. As soon as enough citizens in those places realize that trading bread and circuses for freedom is no good deal, they can start voting the demagogues and crooked politicians out and electing people who will start unraveling the laws that play one group off against another.

In the Class Two countries that still haven't voted away the basic rights, just about anybody can start a political movement trying to get freedom back without worrying too much about government reprisals. Freedom is there, ready for the taking, if people will only do it.

There is one insidious thing, though, and this is what the politicians play on. Just about everybody in this kind of society has one or two benefits that he gets. Because he doesn't want to give up his special privileges, he loses his bargaining position to argue that others give up theirs.

Everybody wants lower taxes, but nobody over sixty years of age wants Social Security touched; no veteran wants to see veteran benefits go; every farmer wants to keep the crop subsidies; government workers will continue to insist they are worth their high salaries and grand retirements; and unions that have bargained their pay scales out of the world market are going to insist on keeping you from buying a cheap Japanese car so they can keep their jobs.

As long as the majority of people consider their own self-interest above freedom, we can expect to see our freedoms continue to disappear.

No politician who loves his power and prestige likes things like free speech, free assembly, open and secret voting, or a free press. Just about every elected official in a Class Two government is spending some of his time trying to think of ways to get a majority to agree to give up those rights.

And don't kid yourself. It can happen, even in the United States. It won't happen if a whole lot of people make it clear they won't let it happen, but there is no guarantee. If some day it does happen and you find you can no longer vote with any meaning, you don't dare criticize elected officials anymore, your weapons have been confiscated, and your kids are being taught in the local school how to spy on Mom and Dad, then this book will be the thing you need.

But not now, not in this country, and not in most Class Two governments around the world. We still have all the basic principles, and you can still work within the system. That's why nobody living in this country today can claim the right to commit acts of terror against government officials, blow up buildings, kidnap airplanes, or murder police officials in the name of freedom. Any decent American citizen has got more freedom than just about anybody else in the world. Moreover, he still has a lot of chances to increase the amount of freedom, either through legal or political action, or by simply ignoring the demands of our politicians.

It may not always be that way. But if it does happen, the time to get ready for that day is now, when people like me can write this kind of book and people like you can read it and prepare to make the bastard that manages to take our freedom away sorry he ever tried it. Getting ready for it, and making sure every politician who dreams of long terms in office and greater power knows there are lots of us out here ready for it, is the best way to make sure it never happens.

This country and a lot of other restricted freedom democracies are less than perfect. So, while there is no justification for you turning into a secret freedom fighter this week, there is a lot of justification to start insisting that the government treats you like a free man.

If you really love freedom, you ought to be giving serious thought about what you ought to be doing to keep as much of it as possible. You are entitled to maximize your own personal freedom, even if that means breaking some of the laws that are taking your personal freedoms away. The restriction is that in breaking such laws, you only break them as they directly apply to you. You do not infringe on the freedom of any other individual unless he is making a direct attack on you.

If you live in a Class Two country, you may wish to continue to work within the system to win more freedom through the political process, or you may opt to get out of the system to the extent possible, becoming a bad citizen as defined in the next chapter. The choice is yours and will depend on how far your country has drifted away from a true free democracy.

## CLASS THREE GOVERNMENTS: "BENEVOLENT" NON-DEMOCRATIC SYSTEMS

This has been the traditional type of government through most of human history. It's the kind of government you find in most Latin American, African, and Asian countries. The leader has either inherited his power, been appointed by a small group of people, or has seized power through coup or revolution. The citizen has little or no say in who rules him. The ruler may be called a king or a dictator, or he may pass himself off using more modern titles like president or chairman. Whatever he calls himself, he's got the job for life or as long as he wants it, unless somebody else bigger and stronger comes along and throws him out.

These kinds of governments aren't necessarily all bad. That's why I call them benevolent, even though a lot of them aren't very. Sometimes the dictator or president for life really does care about the people he governs and tries hard to provide the good life. They all try to convince their citizens they are doing just that. If citizens start showing they are unhappy, such governments may take the wise step of giving in a bit, buying the people out of the streets instead of chasing them out with guns.

A benevolent dictator can sometimes run very successful free-enterprise countries. They can even get so popular that they can allow some trappings of democracy, an elected parliament, an honest judiciary, a fair tax structure, etc. (A good example of a very successful benevolent dictatorship that looks almost democratic is the country of Singapore.)

There are some people who will argue that the benevolent dictator is to be preferred to the limited freedom democracy. The dictator and his surrounding circle don't have to pander to the mobs to ensure they keep getting elected, so they can concentrate on governing well.

The Greek philosopher Plato argued that the benevolent dictator was the answer to all the problems of humanity. He proposed the idea of philosopher kings, rulers specially trained from childhood to exercise wisdom and judgment on behalf of the citizenry. Plato didn't understand human nature.

These kinds of governments can provide a pretty good living to the citizens. Most of the time, they don't. Even when they do, they lack the one vital ingredient-true freedom.

In any Class Three government, the state always comes before the individual. The argument is that ordinary men are base and evil creatures, incapable of living decent and productive lives unless they are guided by superior individuals who can train and lead them into a better world. The ruler always looks upon himself as a father and the citizens as his children, who may be loved and cared for, but who can never be trusted to make their own decisions in areas that really count.

Another serious problem with these kinds of governments is that there are no guarantees for the future. There isn't one in a democracy either, but at least every individual has some say in trying to determine the future. But in a Class Three government, you may have the most brilliant, kind, and wise king the world has ever produced. He can have the love of all his subjects, who live happy lives under his loving direction. More likely than not, his son will turn out to be a sadistic idiot, whose first act in power is to take the country to war against a stronger and better prepared neighbor.

Even without a change at the top, a relatively benevolent government can suddenly go haywire when the leader's interests go off in a different direction from those of the general population. Take the example of Hong Kong.

Hong Kong is a Class Three government, a benevolent, non-democratic state. It's in a strange category these days, because it's one of the few places in the world that is still a colony of another country, the last outpost of the British Empire. That means the dictator in Hong Kong is an entire nation, a Class Two country, Great Britain.

The British haven't done all that badly by the people of Hong Kong. They have granted the ordinary citizen in Hong Kong more freedom than almost any other dictator in the history of the world. That is especially true in the area of economics. Hong Kong is a thriving monument to the free enterprise ideal. (England did better by its colony than it did by itself. While it lets Hong Kong wallow in the success of free enterprise, England has drifted into the economic horror of the semi-socialist welfare state.)

Most of the citizens of Hong Kong will probably agree that they have it pretty good. They are so busy making money, living the good life, and enjoying today that they really haven't missed not having a say in their political affairs. Most would like to keep things the way they are.

But, Great Britain doesn't want that. Great Britain, without asking, or considering the wishes of the people of Hong Kong, recently agreed to give every single person away to a totalitarian state. They have set the date and signed the deal. Hong Kong becomes a part of Communist China in 1996.

That's what's wrong with a Class Three government. No matter how benevolent it is, the citizen has no say or control over his life and future.

Of course there are limits on any kind of power, and more than one dictator has taken a tumble because he ignored for too long the real interest of the people he was governing. As I said in the first chapter, even the worst government has to keep most of the people either happy or convinced that if they stick it out things will get better in the future. No government can survive if massive numbers of citizens suddenly take to the streets and start killing policemen.

That's why dictators spend a lot of time and effort on propaganda. That's also why almost all of them limit to a greater or lesser extent freedom of the press and speech. They want the citizens getting their explanations of the good life, not somebody else's.

These days you hear a lot of talk about dictators preparing the people for eventual democracy. They will argue that their citizens don't yet have the education necessary for self-government or that too much freedom in too short a time isn't good. Sometimes, these governments will even fulfill their promises, especially if there is evidence of a growing demand by the people for such freedoms.

A parliament will be elected, but not given much power. Limits on freedom of speech will be loosened up a bit. The schools will start teaching about self-government. Local government may even be turned over to elected officials. If enough people demand it, and a series of leaders realize it is the only safe way to go, a Class Three government can evolve into a Class Two, or even a Class One government. England did it, making it up to Class Two in about four hundred years. (Now, there is some evidence they may be going back the other way.)

History suggests, however, that isn't all that is likely to happen. Most dictators, when faced with rising demands for more freedom, get scared about their own survival and start down the road in the other direction toward totalitarianism. Whether or not they succeed will depend on what kind of reaction they get from the people.

In almost all Class Three governments, the people could get their freedom, if only they were willing to risk what it takes to get it.

If you are living in a Class Three government and you love freedom, you are going to have some difficult choices to make about what you want to do to maximize your own personal freedom. A lot will probably depend on how benevolent the government really is. If you have a good job, your family is living well, and you can do most of the things with your personal life you want to do, you are not going to be thinking about taking to the hills. You are not going to want to risk a prison sentence fighting for just a bit more freedom. You'll probably decide it's better to wait it out and see if the government fulfills its promises of more democracy.

However, just to make sure the government keeps moving in that direction, you may want to help create a situation which suggests that more freedom may be the only wise choice the government has to make.

I would argue that, by definition, anybody living in a non-democratic government should, at a minimum, be a bad citizen as described in the next chapter. Whether or not he takes any of the more active actions described in later chapters is going to have to depend on a careful study of the risks and benefits. But I believe in the individual. I believe that the vast majority of human beings are capable of making just such decisions.

Again, it is going to have to be your decision as to when you should become a secret freedom fighter. Because Class Threes are more likely than not to become Class Fours, you want to start preparing yourself at some point for the day when you may decide that secret freedom fighting is the only choice you really have.

The problems of what to do about freedom if you live under a Class Three government are problems that Americans won't have to address. I cannot imagine a situation in which a government in this country could start denying our rights to vote and elect our leaders without first putting in place all the suppression techniques that mark a totalitarian state.

## CLASS FOUR GOVERNMENTS: TOTALITARIAN STATES

In this kind of government, the rulers are acting in complete disregard for the interest and desires of major minorities, and probably the majority of the population and the rulers know it. They know that if they gave any freedom to the population, the population would refuse to do the things the government wants them to do. They are frightened they are going to lose the power they enjoy so much, so they deliberately set out to scare the population into blind obedience. They do this through the systematic application of terror against any group or anybody who dares complain or attempts to act in defiance of government decree and law.

Totalitarian governments can evolve out of Class Three, or even Class Two governments (like the Nazi government did in Germany). They can also come about as a result of a successful revolution such as that which took place in Russia, Cuba, and Iran. Finally, totalitarian governments can be imposed through conquest. The totalitarian government imposed by a conqueror is usually the most vicious of the lot, as Greece, Poland, Belgium, France, and even the Ukraine discovered during World War II.

The totalitarian leader will violate every right humans have ever claimed. There will be censorship of all press, TV, and radio. Phones will be tapped, buildings searched, and people will be stopped, questioned, and arrested any time a police officer wants to do so. There will be reeducation camps, midnight arrests, soldiers carrying guns everywhere, and a steady flow of propaganda claiming how wonderful the leader, party, or president for life is.

Government orders and decrees will start to control every part of your personal life. You will be told where to work, how much to get paid, where to live, when to have children, where to get medical treatment, what schools your children must be sent to, and even who you .can marry or not marry.

As terrible as life in a totalitarian state is, the real tragedy is that the great majority of the citizens will go along with what is being done to them in quiet obedience. They will keep right on being good citizens. Even if they do wonder once in a while about the possibility of doing something to get their freedom back, they will be frightened back into obedience by the terrible things they see done to those few people who try to oppose the government.

Yet, even a totalitarian government can't arrest everybody or, for that matter, watch everybody all the time. So the totalitarian government focuses its attention on a small group of people: those likely to organize and lead an opposition movement against them. That group will include people who were military and political leaders in the government that was taken over: honest judges, community leaders, prominent businessmen that have denied support to the new regime, newspaper writers and editors, television reporters, authors, union leaders, religious leaders, and educators (especially those in universities).

Anybody in one of those groups is going to be watched continually. Many will be arrested immediately. Some will be summarily executed, others locked up in labor camps and prisons. Still others will be forced to move to new cities where they will be given menial jobs and prohibited from practicing their professions.

Some of these people will succeed in fleeing the country, hopefully into more free and friendly countries where they can set up a government in exile. (I suspect if it happens in the United States, there aren't going to be any other countries still free. We will be the last bastion to fall.)

A few of the leaders described above may make it into the hills to join small guerrilla bands of patriots fighting as best they can from ambush, hitting and running. The tyrant will be expecting that, and a lot of military attention will be focused on finding and destroying such groups.

Only you don't belong to any of the groups described above. You've never run for office, never even served on the PTA committee. You're just the ordinary citizen who works at a job, or farms, pays his taxes, feeds his family, does a bit of hunting and fishing once in a while, and doesn't know a single politician in the state. Your name may be in a few computers, but not marked as a troublemaker. The only real difference between you and the rest of your neighbors is that you love and understand freedom more than they do. You have maximized your freedom without drawing attention to yourself and your family.

The tyrant who's taken over is going to focus his attention on those organized types making trouble, counting on you and all the other ordinary citizens around you to be scared into blind obedience. That's worked in just about every other totalitarian country. He will figure it ought to work here.

Because nobody is looking at you as a source of trouble, you've just become a prime candidate for a' secret freedom fighter. This book's for you.

## 3. A Good Citizen in a Bad Country

The thing a leader who wants to deny you freedom loves most is a good citizen. A good citizen obeys the law-every law. A good citizen works hard-at whatever job the government tells him he is supposed to work at. A good citizen pays his taxes-even if he doesn't have enough left over to feed his kids. A good citizen never complains-no matter how a stupid
or crude government official treats him. A good citizen obeys the rules-all the rules.

Give a tyrant enough good citizens and he will rule forever, fat and happy while the good citizens sweat and suffer and die to make sure the tyrant keeps the good life.

Tyrants and their lackeys spend a great deal of time and effort trying to convince the people they rule that a moral person must be a good citizen. Back in the Dark Ages they called it the "Divine Right of Kings." Nowadays it's called patriotic duty, or civic responsibility, or given a dozen other different names, but it all adds up to the argument that any decent, honorable person must put the interests of all the people-that really means the interest of the man in charge, above his own personal interests.

BAD CITIZENS HAVE MORE FUN BECAUSE THEY ARE MORE FREE.

A true democracy is supposed to have free citizens, not good citizens. So, the day you wake up and find you don't have all the freedom you deserve, the first thing you have to do is stop being a good citizen. If you can't be a free citizen, then you want to be a bad citizen.

Any tyrant who's got a country full of bad citizens has got a problem. A tyrant has got all sorts of ways of dealing with a rebel, a criminal, a jungle fighter, an insurgent, or a political activist. They stand out, easily identified, almost as if they had signs hung around their chests. You find those kinds of people in jails, dark alleys, cellars, forests, and jungles. But a bad citizen-how do you tell him from a good citizen? A bad citizen isn't a bad person. He wants to keep feeding his kids, so he'll keep going to work at the factory, or planting the potato crop, or milking the cows.

What a bad citizen won't do is help the government make his life miserable. He avoids making it easy for the people in power. He continually tries to maximize the freedom he has, even if he has to break or ignore a few laws once in a while.

A bad citizen files his income tax return but cheats. A bad citizen sees a crime against the state, but he doesn't report it. A bad citizen turns the heat up when the government says he should turn it down. A bad citizen loses his census form, or fills it out wrong. A bad citizen flushes too much paper down the john in a public building. A bad citizen that's got a government job takes all his sick leave, goofs off every chance he gets, and hauls paper clips home for the kids to play with.

A bad citizen doesn't spend all his time trying to make the work of the government more difficult, but he doesn't sacrifice his own pleasures or happiness voluntarily just because the government tells him his sacrifices are in the common good.

Too many bad citizens make government almost impossible. That's one big reason why the Soviet Union doesn't work very well. Too many Soviet citizens have realized they are never going to get a fair share out of the government, and they have stopped being good citizens. They look out for themselves rather than the good of the state.

A smart bad citizen won't let himself get caught being bad. He won't brag to his friends and neighbors about what a bad citizen he is. He won't tell the local commissar how proud he is of being a bad citizen. He won't even tell his kids he enjoys being a bad citizen. He wants it kept a secret.

In a free democratic society, we don't have much use for bad citizens. They endanger our highways, litter our public parks, embarrass our womenfolk, and make us mad. A free society is supposed to be made up of good citizens who take their share of the burdens of axes and social duties and get their share of the benefits of living free.

That's a true free and democratic society, the kind the people who wrote our constitution wanted to give us. In every other kind of society, good citizens are suckers. They never get back what they put into it. So, if the government is interfering with your freedom to do whatever you want to do with your time and money, don't be a sucker. Learn to be a bad citizen.

The more bad citizens there are, the harder it is going to be for the people who stole freedom to stay in power. The tyrant's problem is that he is always outnumbered. He can get the guns and the thugs to use them. He can build concentration camps and forced labor camps. He'll have spies and prison gulags. But he can't put everybody in jail. He has to have people to till the fields, drive the trucks, work in the factories, and staff his bureaucracy. So he has got to convince most of the people that life isn't all that bad and that there is hope of a better future.

He will go after the visible troublemakers, the guys who run around telling good citizens they ought to throw the bums out, or the ones who fight him from the hills. Those kinds of people are in a small minority, so they are easy to find and kill or cart off to camps. With no newspapers to tell the truth about the tyrant, with nobody daring to talk out loud, the bastard will count on the good citizen to continue to act like the good citizen.

Nazi Germany wasn't filled with people who wanted to throw Jews into bonfires, make slaves of Eastern Europeans, or rule the world from Berlin. Nazi Germany was filled with good citizens, and Hitler did everything he could to make all those good citizens think they were better off with him in charge, even if they did have to give up a few freedoms. Hitler was more frightened that all those good citizens might stop being good citizens than he was of the Allied armies. He catered to them, he entertained them, he promised them better things. The Germans kept being good citizens right up to the bitter end.

Poland, Nicaragua, Cuba, Russia, Chile, Iran, and Iraq are filled with good citizens, all of them hoping that they will help things get better by being good citizens. Only things keep getting worse. The good citizen works harder but gets less to eat, has less fun, enjoys life less, and has less hope for a better future.

The only time things get better is when a whole lot of people start acting like bad citizens. In Russia, farmers started cutting off the time they spent in the collective fields so they could spend more time working small private patches where they got to keep or sell what they grew. Now those private farm patches are the only thing preventing mass starvation.

In Poland a lot of good citizens got fed up and walked off the job in support of a strike organized by an illegal union, and for the first time in years, a bit of freedom started to creep in. The government is still trying to stamp it out but is running scared.

## BAD CITIZENS HAVE KEPT THE UNITED STATES FREE.

Back in 1917, a majority in the United States decided they knew what was best for everyone and passed the Eighteenth Amendment, taking away the freedom of a man to relax with a beer after an honest day's work. Hundreds of thousands in this great country suddenly turned into bad citizens. They didn't organize into a "let's bring back the booze" political party. They didn't stage massive sit-ins that interrupted the lives of a lot of other people. They didn't start blowing up police stations. All they did was to keep on drinking. And a lot of other bad citizens were more than willing to step in and smuggle, or distill, or brew the booze and sell it for a profit.

It took till 1933, but the social manipulators and the do-gooders finally gave up, agreed to throw out the Great Experiment, and tens of thousands of people went back to being good citizens.

In the Sixties, black people in the South got fed up with sitting in the back of the bus, getting chased away from the voting polls, and being turned away from the best restaurants and hotels, no matter how much money they had to pay the bills. So they started acting like bad citizens. Now a black man can go into any public facility he wants.

Those kinds of things keep happening all over this country. Richard Nixon gave us the fifty-five mile-an-hour speed limit, which is absurd on most of the major highways in the United States, especially those in the West. No politicians since then have had the guts to undo the damage as yet because the insurance companies keep throwing them money to keep us driving at a snail's pace so they can maximize their profits.

Have you tried driving a fixed fifty-five along our highways? The great American game these days is to see how fast you can drive over the double nickel without getting caught. A whole industry has gotten rich selling us radar detectors to give us a chance against the modern technology of the highway patrol.

The Drug Enforcement Administration, other federal enforcement agencies, and every state and local police department spend billions each year to try to stamp out the use of recreational drugs. Yet every year, the price of the drugs goes down, while availability goes up. Anybody who wants to smoke pot, can anyplace in the United States. Other freedoms are under constant attack from one side or another. Take the issue of gun control. The people who tout this totalitarian principle keep telling us that the majority of Americans want some kind of gun control. So what! No majority in a free country has the right to take away the freedoms of any minority. That's what freedom is all about, and owning a gun is a good way to help make sure nobody starts interfering with your personal freedom. As long as the people who understand and believe that principle insist on keeping their guns, we are going to be able to keep them.

## BAD CITIZENS GET GOOD LAWS.

After years of steadily spiraling upward, our taxes are finally starting to come down. That's not because it's what Congress and the president really want. They have no choice. Americans used to be pretty good taxpayers, until things got out of hand. One day we woke up and realized that the fat cat friends of Congress had all been given special privileges and were paying less than their fair share.

So a whole lot of good taxpayers turned into bad citizens. They started to figure every angle, both legal and illegal, to bring down their own taxes. We are now a nation of tax evaders. Every increase in the tax structure is matched or exceeded by losses as more ordinary middle-class citizens figure out ways to cheat on then: taxes. The government's only choice is to try and convince us by lowering tax rates that things are fair once again. It's another example of bad citizens making good government.

Now you might not personally approve of all of the above examples. Neither do I. I think drugs are stupid. But each example goes to show just how much we are a nation of bad citizens. That's why we have as much freedom as we do. That's why in recent years, this country has been moving in the direction of more freedom, not less. The politicians are finally beginning to understand that you can't take an American's freedom away and make it stick.

One thing to remember, though, is that being a bad citizen really only works when you do it for your own personal advantage. Trying to make somebody else's life miserable because you think the government is making your life miserable isn't what you want to do. Take the following example.

Anybody who loves freedom has got to agree that the current attempts at achieving racial percentages in our schools by busing small children across town is an insanity that free people should not permit to happen. The only problem is that a lot of parents have gone about protesting the wrong way. They have taken it out on some little black kid that agreed to ride a bus across town to go to a school that used to be white. If a free citizen wants to let his kids spend a couple of hours a day riding across town so he can be a minority in school instead of a majority, that's his right.

The only parents with a legitimate complaint are the ones who don't want their kids to be bused when there is a perfectly good school within walking distance. What a free citizen does in such a situation is keep his kid home, insisting that the child either goes to the closest school or he doesn't go at all. Then the TV news will be showing film clips of the social engineers going into homes and tearing children away from their parents to take them across town. Once the parents of the children who are being bused stop letting their kids get on the bus, that idiotic idea will come to a quick end.

It's not just our country where the willingness to be a bad citizen helps ensure a reasonable degree of personal freedom...

## BAD CITIZENS CAN BE FREE IN AN UNFREE COUNTRY.

I lived a number of years in a country in Asia that seemed at first glance to be quite totalitarian. The country had a military dictator, every government official was appointed from the capital, there were no elected representatives, taxes and customs duties were prohibitively high, and there were laws against just about anything you could imagine doing.

It sounds like a terrible place to live. Actually life was very pleasant there. Most people had more freedom than people in a lot of countries where they think they're free. Just about everybody in that little Asian country was a bad citizen. They didn't care what the government said they were supposed to be doing, they did what they wanted. They cheated on their taxes, bought smuggled whiskey rather than pay high duties, bribed government officials right and left, and broke every other law that got in the way of their personal enjoyment of life.

The laws governing business enterprises were so complex that anybody running a business was by definition a criminal, yet the country had a thriving free-enterprise system. So many people were ignoring so many laws that the government couldn't do anything except try to enforce the few laws that most people won't break anyway. So they chased the murderers, the robbers, the political insurgents, and left the rest of the population alone.

There were a few jungle fighters in that country who claimed they were trying to bring freedom back. They were actually trying to take it away and turn the place into a communist hell. Fortunately, most people were succeeding so well at being bad citizens, they didn't have any time for revolution. They had already taken all the freedom they could get. They recognized that as bad as their military dictatorship might be on paper, it was so incompetent at enforcing its laws that it wasn't worth the effort to throw the government out.

## PEOPLE DESERVE THE KIND OF GOVERNMENT THEY HAVE.

It is my personal conviction that most people in the world could be free if they only wanted to be free. If the vast majority of people in Russia, Cuba, Chile, Pakistan, Iran, and elsewhere stopped being good citizens tomorrow, doing whatever they thought was in their own best interest, every one of those countries would be freer societies. No government can arrest 90 percent of its population, shoot 50 percent of its work force, or hire every third citizen as a police officer.

Sadly, I know human nature well enough to be certain that isn't going to happen in most of those countries. Most people living in those countries are too frightened to take even the minimal risks involved in being a bad citizen.

So, being a bad citizen probably won't get you much in a place like Russia or Nazi Germany. It will increase a bit the control you exercise over your own life, but things are still going to stay pretty miserable.

## THE BAD CITIZEN WILL MAKE A GREAT SECRET FREEDOM FIGHTER.

But let's suppose that a much smaller percentage of the citizens in any of those unfree countries were willing to take more than just the minimal risks of being a bad citizen. Let's suppose that five, or maybe even ten percent of the citizens in one of those countries secretly decided to go to war against the government that took their freedoms away. In Cuba, five percent of the population would make up an army of 500,000 freedom fighters. In Russia, there would be an army of 13 million people. How long could any government survive if those numbers of people, acting independently and without organization, started to commit personal acts of war against their oppressors? Totalitarian government would become impossible.

If you live in a totalitarian country, learning to be a bad citizen is just the first step. It's the training camp for the secret freedom fighter. It gets you used to defying authority, ignoring orders when the boss isn't around, and looking out for yourself instead of those who took your freedom away. More important perhaps, it gets you used to acting in secret. doing things that screw up the system, and learning to be proud of it, but without having to brag about it.

Practicing being a bad citizen gets you in the mind-set for the next step: to start taking some positive actions, still in secret, still not letting anyone know what you are doing. With that next step you'll be on your way to becoming a secret freedom fighter.

So you find yourself living in a totalitarian country and you don't like it. Just being a bad citizen isn't enough. Things have reached the point where you want to take a few risks to try to make things better. You start thinking about the possibility of killing somebody, if only to get a bit of revenge. You've read the first chapters of this book and you've made up your mind that it's time to become a secret freedom fighter. What's life worth if you can't be free?

It's not worth very much if you're not free, but it is not worth anything if you are dead. Unless you're a nut case, you not only want your freedom back, you want to stick around to enjoy it. In real life, dead heroes are a joke.

If you are going to take up arms, you want to do it in a way that will maximize your own chances of living. Being able to do that on your own is one of the beauties of being a secret freedom fighter. You will be making all the decisions about the risks that you will take and the chances of your own survival. No leader is going to volunteer you into a suicide operation that makes him a success while you're left dead.

## THE FIRST RULE OF SECRET FREEDOM FIGHTING IS SURVIVAL.

You don't want to get caught. You want to inflict maximum damage on the enemy with minimum risk to yourself.

In order to maximize your impact while minimizing your risks, there are a number of basic principles that need to be addressed before we get down to a discussion of tactics. By following these principles, you will maximize the impact you have on forcing the oppressor to grant more freedom to everybody and increase your own chances of staying around to enjoy the benefits.

## BE A SECRET FREEDOM FIGHTER, NOT A TERRORIST.

There has been a lot of confusion during the last forty years over the words "terrorist" and "terrorism." Politicians have deliberately created this confusion in order to try to prove their cause was right and the other guy's was wrong. So our glorious leaders always describe any act of violence committed by those whose politics they don't like as an act of terror.

What's the real difference between an Afghan farmer who slits the throat of a Russian soldier and a Greek political activist who does the same thing to an American soldier stationed in Greece? The difference is in the politics, not the act.

By wrongly defining acts of violence in political terms, our leaders not only manage to confuse the general public, they also confuse the issue in their own minds.

All too often, this deception gets in the way of making sound decisions on how to react to different kinds of violence as it happens around the world. Our leaders deal with acts of war as if they were criminal acts of terror and acts of terror as if they were acts of war.

The best recent example of this was the hostage crisis in Iran. That was a pure and simple act of war condoned by the government of Iran. But President Carter insisted on treating it as an act of terror against uninvolved civilians. No wonder he never found a solution before the American people forced him out of office.

Someone needs to explain to our leaders the very real difference between the two kinds of violence that are committed in the pursuit of political goals-acts of war and acts of terrorism.

Acts of war are directed against the personnel, installations, and machinery of the political enemy. The targets are usually military, but not always. When civilian targets are hit, the targets are always civilian officials who hold political power and control or serve the military. A legitimate act of war always avoids, wherever possible, injury to the uninvolved civilian.

On the other hand, an act of terrorism is an act of violence committed against civilians who have no direct role to play in the decision-making process of the government or policy under attack.

The theory behind acts of terror is that ordinary people, frightened by the terrorism, will force their government to give in to the political demands of the people committing the terrorism. It's a lousy theory. And it doesn't work.

Acts of terrorism are almost always committed by unpopular political groups who can't achieve their goals through elections or military action. Unable to win by waging war, they turn to acts of terrorism, making the whole world their enemy.

No matter how offensive we find the political aims of a group or a person committing an act of violence, the decision as to whether it is called an act of war or an act of terrorism is determined by the target chosen, not the politics of the attacking force.

An attack on a Russian military convoy by Afghan insurgents is an act of war, but the carpet bombing of peasant villages where some insurgents are thought to be hiding is an act of terror.

The deliberate murder of British soldiers on duty in Northern Ireland is an act of war, but the bombing of crowded bars and restaurants is an act of terror.

A terrorist will commit acts of extreme violence in an attempt to force you to act in the way he wishes you to act. A freedom fighter will only commit acts of violence in an attempt to ensure that he can be free to do what he wants.

A terrorist wants to force you to help him gain his political goals, which usually involve denying a lot of other people their freedom. A freedom fighter only wants to be left alone to enjoy his own freedom.

Anyone who truly believes in freedom could never condone or participate in an act of terror. The true freedom fighter must limit his acts of violence to those who are directly involved in denying him his freedom.

This is not just a philosophical issue, it is also a practical issue.

## TERRORISTS NEVER WIN. FREEDOM FIGHTERS SOMETIMES DO.

Ordinary citizens are frightened by terrorists. Most of them are so badly frightened that they will give up just about any freedom to hello the government protect them from terrorist acts.

This has been very clearly seen in the public's reaction to air piracy. No political group has ever achieved its primary goals through the use of air piracy. Few human endeavors have been so totally unsuccessful. On the other hand, the entire traveling public has gladly given up its rights to freedom from search and seizure by eagerly lining up for inspection by airport security agents in order to make sure the aircraft they are flying on is not hijacked.

As a freedom fighter, you want to go after the bastards who are taking your freedom away. At the same time you want to make sure you don't injure the ordinary citizens around you. Though you may be angry at most of them because they act as if they were cooperating with the oppressors, don't let that be an argument to justify inflicting a few casualties on them along with the real bad boys. Even though they act like good citizens, a lot of people won't like their oppressors any more than you do. While they don't have your guts to do something about it, they will be secretly cheering you on, as long as they don't get hurt.

I saw this point vividly demonstrated in a Southeast Asian country back in the early Seventies. I was on an assignment that indirectly involved me in that country's counter-insurgency efforts.

We Americans always called the enemy the Communist Terrorists, but I know now that wasn't a valid description. They were communists, but in that country, the insurgents went to great lengths to avoid inflicting casualties on the civilian population. They wanted the civilians on their side, not flocking to the government demanding protection. So, they stuck to acts of war, not terrorism.

One day I was traveling from one city to another on a commercial bus. The rest of the passengers were all local farmers, businessmen, students, and housewives. As I was dressed in old civilian clothes. they probably thought I was a tourist off the beaten track or maybe a Peace Corps volunteer.

The bus ride took us through an area where an insurgent unit had been operating. No one on the bus, including me, thought the ride was dangerous. We knew the insurgents never went after civilian vehicles.

The bus went around a curve and we found ourselves in the middle of the remains of an ambush. The insurgents had attacked a truckload of policemen traveling down the same road we were on, probably no more than twenty minutes ahead of us.

The truck had been hit by a rocket, gone off the road, and rolled over. It was still burning. The bodies of dead and dying policemen were scattered from the truck to the highway. There were no weapons by any of the bodies. The insurgents had grabbed them all before running back into the jungle.

The bus slowed down, but didn't stop. All of us on the bus stared out the window. Then one of the passengers gave a cheer, and several others joined in. I sat there stunned. I spoke enough of the language to understand the cheers. "My God!" I thought. "We're here to help these people defend themselves and they're cheering the Communists." I knew the local police didn't have much of a reputation. They were corrupt and brutal and more interested in filling their pockets than protecting the public, but we Americans never imagined they were hated that much. I figured right then and there the war was lost.

Only that's not the end of the story. About twenty miles further down the road, we passed a small army convoy coming hell-bent for leather. The convoy was on the way to the rescue of the policemen, even if it was a bit late.

Our bus pulled off to the side to let the convoy go by. Once again a cheer went up, and this time every person on the bus was shouting. They were cheering their army on.

Now I was confused. I asked a few of my fellow passengers what was going on.

The answer was simple. While they all hated policemen, they liked the national army. None of them had ever been ordered around by the army. No one in the army had ever stolen anything from them, raped any of their daughters, or stopped them from enjoying the simple pleasures of village life (like gambling and drinking illegal booze). Moreover, the leaders of the army were popular figures, and the head of the army was a very popular king.

It took them another twelve years, but that southeast Asian country eventually defeated the communist insurgency and moved from a relatively benevolent military dictatorship to a limited democracy. The government leaders even managed to clean up the police department, at least somewhat. Most of the citizens think they are pretty free, at least free enough so that they don't see any percentage in armed rebellion.

So, if you want to be a freedom fighter, make your only target those who are doing the damage to the ordinary citizen, the ones the public hates the most.

Under no circumstances should you ever commit any of the actions recommended in this book until you are absolutely sure that your action will not injure any innocent civilians. Don't roll a grenade into a crowded restaurant, no matter how important the general is, if you are also going to hurt ordinary citizens. Don't screw up government records if it means that people will not get their tax refunds.

A secret freedom fighter doesn't put the ordinary citizen at risk. This cannot be stressed often enough.

As long as you hurt only the target groups, the ordinary citizen will secretly cheer you on. He will also resent and resist the security measures that the government will impose in order to catch and stop you. But start hurting ordinary citizens, and they will line up to cooperate with the government, giving away every freedom in an effort to stop you.

## RECOGNIZE AND WORK WITHIN YOUR LIMITATIONS.

If you don't have military experience and you never shot game from two hundred yards away, don't try to assassinate a Russian colonel with a rifle and a sniper scope. If you always hated jogging, don't plan a one-man attack on a government installation that will require you to run three miles through a forest to get away. If you have never wired a blasting cap, don't go stealing dynamite so you can blow up a military convoy.

The whole point of this book is to convince a lot of citizens who want to be free that they can contribute to fight for freedom by working within their own limitations. Their contribution will be important, provided a lot of other freedom-loving citizens are doing the same thing.

So, if you decide to become a secret freedom fighter, the first thing you want to do is to sit down and examine yourself, checking off your strong points and admitting your weak ones. You can then start to plan intelligently how to take action and live to enjoy the results.

In addition to limitations relating to physical health, prior experience, and basic intelligence, there are also geographical, family, and employment limitations. The kinds of activities you engage in will depend to a great extent on where you live and work.

For example, if you live in a remote rural area, near a resort where high-ranking government officials take a little rest and relaxation, you might find the perfect opportunity to take out a particularly nasty commissar who happens to walk into the scope sight you have been holding for three days, waiting for just such a chance. But you would be wasting your time dropping anti-government leaflets on the one bus-stop bench in town. Leave that kind of propaganda to the boys in the city. You do what you can do the best.

Stealing an important file, say the pay and leave record on the Colonel in charge of the district, can wreak havoc with both the morale and the operations of a command headquarters for a couple of days. But, as much as you would like to pull that trick, or even better perhaps, to have your own tax records lost, you can't walk in off the street to do it. You have to be working in the office as a clerk or a secretary to get that kind of opportunity.

Don't think, though, that you shouldn't think about stretching your limitations, especially while you are still enjoying the freedoms you might have to fight to get back some day.

## NEVER OPENLY CONFRONT THE AUTHORITIES.

The people who enjoy ordering other people around love confrontations. They love shoot-outs. They love pulling their guns and arresting people. They love putting down a riot. They love big trials with lots of newspaper coverage, especially when they get some slob sentenced to a hanging. It gives them a chance to show how powerful they can really be. They will be expecting open confrontation and will be prepared to deal with it. They will have detention camps, secret police, riot-control equipment, and the whole national army ready to go after all those who dare openly confront the government.

Open, peaceful confrontation can work sometimes in a democratic government, or even in a benevolent dictatorship. But it almost never works in a totalitarian state or one under military occupation.

Once you have been identified as a troublemaker, you are going to be watched continually. Your chances of ever doing anything effective without getting caught are zero.

The secret freedom fighter has to be the invisible man, the person the government would never expect is spending his time planning how to hurt the government hurt it bad.

That means if you want to be a secret freedom fighter, you don't want to join any protest groups, stand on any street corners making speeches, or run with a mob throwing rocks at police vehicles. You want to look like a good citizen.

Just because the secret freedom fighter is avoiding open confrontation doesn't mean he is so anxious to be a good citizen that he goes out of his way to cooperate with the bastards. What you want to do-as much as is possible-is to ignore the government. Never voluntarily do anything that will help the government in any way.

Cheat on your tax payments, but do it cleverly. Buy illegal and black market goods if they are available. Poach game. Let your kids stay home from school every chance they can, especially if the teachers are handing out government propaganda.

Don't fill out forms or provide the government with any kind of information unless there is a government official standing there insisting that you do so.

Don't volunteer your services for anything the government is trying to do, no matter how worthwhile the project appears to be. Don't turn the heat down unless you're hot, and leave the lights on at night if you can afford the electricity. So the dam broke, and they are asking that every citizen turn out to help shore up the levy. A government that steals freedom shouldn't get any help. Let them pay to hire people to haul sandbags.

Of course, in a totalitarian state, someone will probably show up at your door pointing a gun to make you volunteer. When that happens, don't argue. Go, but start thinking about how you can sabotage the whole operation and get away with it. You can look busy while in actuality doing nothing at all, you can drop tools in the mud when nobody is looking, or look for tools lying around that can 'be broken lost, hidden, or stolen.

Never rat on a fellow citizen no matter what he is doing. The more time spent on solving petty crimes, enforcing blackouts, eradicating the black market, and catching drug dealers, the less time there is to spend hunting you and people like you.

## WHEN THE GOVERNMENT CONFRONTS YOU, ALWAYS INSIST ON YOUR INNOCENCE AND PLAY IGNORANT.

It is unbelievable how many people put themselves in jail because of their big mouths. Even in the United States, with the protections against self-incrimination, most of the people in jails are there because they talked too much.

If you are living in a totalitarian state and are avoiding your civic duties, sooner or later some government official is going to ask you why. The smart man in such a situation becomes the dumbest citizen in the country. He hasn't been reading the newspapers, he doesn't listen to the radio, he doesn't know a thing about what is going on. But he loves the government and loves doing his civic duty.

If he is asked a direct question, he gives as little information as possible. He will answer the question that was asked, but not truthfully if there is any possibility he can get away with it. He never gives any information that wasn't demanded. What he does, he does courteously, never suggesting by his tone or his attitude that he is being anything but totally cooperative.

That sounds pretty simple, but it is unbelievable how many people in a jam don't follow that advice. The clever cop, devious IRS agent, and successful detective have a little device that works almost every time. They will ask their victim a question. No matter how well the poor sucker answers, they sit there waiting expectantly for the man to go on. Nine times out of ten the guy in the jam can't stand the silence, so he starts talking, volunteering information. That's the information that puts him behind bars or adds another grand to his income-tax bill.

If you want to be a secret freedom fighter, learn to keep your mouth shut. Keep a smile on your face and stare right back at the louse. Maybe he can't stand the silence either and he'll spill something that you might find useful.

If you are asked to explain why you didn't do something like file your tax return, hand in your guns, get a license to have a radio, or report your crop harvest, claim it was because you didn't know it was required and tell them you will start doing it right now.

Playing ignorant usually works, not because the local authority will ever believe you are innocent, but because he starts out with an assumption that you are dumb. Every authoritarian in the world believes that the average citizen is so stupid he is incapable of making his own decisions.

But that's not a point you want to debate when the government confronts you. Let them think you make Mortimer Snerd look like a genius. That way they might not discover what you are really up to.

## GET PREPARED BEFORE IT HAPPENS.

The survivalist movement puts lots of time, effort, and money into preparing to deal with the collapse of our society. They anticipate that at some point in the near future there will be a total economic and political breakdown, followed by a period of anarchy. Food- distribution systems will self-destruct, city populations will face mass starvation, and roving mobs will be scouring the countryside fighting over scraps of food.

The usual scenario is that this will happen following a nuclear war which neither side wins, but with both managing to destroy the government structure of the other side. Other possibilities mentioned include natural disasters (such as a large asteroid striking the earth's surface). Some even predict that a chaotic situation will result from a political and economic collapse brought about by incompetent government, panic over bank collapses, and a massive economic depression, stirred with doses of racial and ethnic hatred.

Any of these things could happen, and the survivalist is smart to get ready. But every historical example in the last three hundred years suggests that total breakdown won't happen. In the past, thugs backed up with guns have moved in, taken over, and imposed a new order. In every instance, except for the military occupation of Japan and Germany after World War I1, the new order proved to be less free than the society that was "rescued" from disaster. In the twentieth century, the two modern countries that have suffered the most total and complete economic and political collapses were Russia in 1916 and Germany in the early Thirties. Look what kind of governments they got.

The horror of nuclear weapons does introduce a new factor. The Cassandra predictions may prove true. Surviving Americans could find themselves living in a nuclear- devastated country.

Even then, we probably won't get the predicted anarchy. Our wonderful wizards in Washington have already made the plans for dealing with such a situation. First they have made sure that they will be among the living. The greatest survivalists in the nation are our top elected officials and the men they have appointed. Barring a surprise nuclear attack on Washington, D.C., they will make their escapes in their helicopters and jet planes to hidden mountain retreats. They will keep in contact with all surviving military forces and, when the smoke clears, they will come out to take over again. They will then use the nuclear catastrophe they have brought on through their own stupidity as 'the excuse to put the Constitution on the shelf.

The ordinary survivalists won't be defending their caches of food, supplies, and weapons from roving bands of their neighbors. They will be fighting organized military units sent out by the government to confiscate such caches for "the common good."

I am personally convinced that the greatest future danger we face is not anarchy, but the total loss of our freedom through the imposition of a totalitarian government. That horror could be imposed by an invading force, taking advantage of a surprise nuclear attack, or it could be forced on us by our own elected officials, using any one of the suggested disasters as an excuse to take away our freedoms.

I am so convinced of the reality of this possibility that I believe that every American citizen who loves freedom should be preparing him or herself to immediately start fighting to get our freedom back.

That's why I'm writing this book. If enough of us fight back, not in organized groups, but as free individuals, then we can get the freedom back. By being prepared, we even may scare the oppressors so badly that we won't have to fight.

This doesn't mean I think that the survivalists are wasting their time, effort, and money. Just about everything the survivalists are doing will prove useful in the kind of situation I am predicting. Their preparations to survive anarchy also prepare them to become secret freedom fighters.

If I have any criticism of their efforts, it is that they have been too public. Too many of them will be easily identified and targeted by the authorities in control.

Take the case of the Mormons. Everybody in the country knows that every good Mormon is supposed to have a year's supply of food on hand. When the crunch comes, the first thing the military dictator's local representative is going to his list of members. A week later, the Mormons will be standing in the soup lines along with everybody else, only it will be their soup we'll all be eating.

A lot of people that get written off in the survivalist literature as certain casualties are going to be alive and well in the scenario I am predicting. This is especially true of those living in cities. They will still be in their houses and apartments and own their possessions; most will still be going to work every day. The only thing they will have lost is their freedom.

Those city people will be able to play critical roles in the fight to get freedom back if they have prepared themselves to do so. In fact, the average city-dweller will probably be in a much better position to fight back than those living in a more rural setting because he will have more daily contact with the oppressors.

## HOW TO BECOME A SECRET FREEDOM FIGHTER

So how do you prepare to become a secret freedom fighter? First, don't tell anybody that's what you are doing. Second, start to think now about what kinds of things you might be able to do, given your own limitations. Start preparing yourself, gathering both information and equipment.

The following list of things you might do now is only suggestions and is not meant to be all-inclusive. The great beauty of the secret freedom fighter strategy is the individuality of each operation. That's one of the things that makes it almost impossible for a tyrant to defend himself against secret freedom fighters.

1. Weapons. I personally believe that every freedom-loving American ought to be familiar with firearms and have a few in his own possession. If for some reason you don't own firearms or you don't know how to use them, make that your first priority.

A new totalitarian government is going to immediately try to round up all the weapons in private hands. So collect at least one and preferably additional weapons that are not registered in your name and address. This isn't as hard as it sounds, especially with hunting weapons.

New widows, old men who no longer hunt, and people with financial problems often offer used rifles, shotguns, and even an occasional pistol for sale. Sometimes such weapons are fairly old and may not have been registered at the time of the first sale. Even if they were, people selling their own used guns usually don't ask for identification or make any effort to record the name of the buyer.

If you bought all your weapons from a dealer and filled out the proper forms, you can still fog the issue the next time you move. (Remember, the average American changes his residence every four years.) Don't leave a forwarding address with the post office, local officials, landlord, neighbors, or the new resident. (There are a lot of other sound reasons for following this practice besides avoiding weapon confiscation.) Don't forget to keep plenty of ammunition on hand, bought in small quantities at different places.

Don't just buy firearms and learn how to shoot them. Take the time to learn how they are made, and how to make simple repairs. Also look into homemade firearms. Teenage gangs in the city have been using zip guns for the last forty years. If they can make a gun that shoots real bullets with steel tubing, cap gun firing mechanisms, and pieces of inner tube, you can, too. The time to learn how to do that is before you need them, not afterward.

The best kind of firearm is one that is silenced. While some readers may not want to obtain and store such an item now, they should at least buy a couple of good books on silencers, especially those offering instruction on how to make a silencer at the home workbench. Even if you don't want to make a silencer now, you should learn how to do so. Be sure to store the materials you would need in a safe place.

Don't neglect all the other potential weapons. If I am going to assassinate the representative to the local People's Council, I would chose a silenced .45 every time over a crossbow-if I have the choice to make. There may come a time, though, when the only weapon I have access to is a pistol-sized crossbow, which has recently been rather popular.

Don't forget to familiarize yourself with a collection of other weapons that can be easily concealed and used in close-quarter combat, such as knives, ice picks, swords, and hand axes. In picking weapons to store in preparation for becoming a secret freedom fighter, keep the emphasis on potential lethality. Forget about bicycle chains, Ninja shurikens, wooden night sticks. The secret freedom fighter who decides to get violent has to get violent for keeps.

2. Equipment. Lay in a collection of tools and supplies that could be used in any actions you might take against the oppressor. Many of the supplies that a secret freedom fighter will be able to use are things that the survivalist will already have. You might not have any use now for a pair of wire cutters or a crowbar, but they could prove critically important once you start on the attack. Focus on tools like machetes and axes that can be converted into hand weapons. Don't forget rope and several kinds of glue. A small supply of gasoline is a must, provided you have a safe place to store it. A couple of those cans of white gas used in camp stoves would do just fine for use in making Molotov cocktails someday. And no one will be suspicious if you have such cans in your possession.

It's a good idea to store rubber gloves, the kind sold to protect against dish washing and harsh cleansers. Latex gloves are even better. At some point as a freedom fighter, you will be handling things that you want to make sure don't carry your finger prints.

3. Information. The purpose of this book is not so much to tell you how to fight, but to convince you that you should fight, and that you should start getting ready now. Space simply won't permit me to include too much detail on weapons and fighting techniques. But that's no problem if you are a serious potential secret freedom fighter, because so much is already readily available. Such subjects as explosives, personal defense, and even assassination techniques and mantrapping are well covered in dozens of publications.

Learn all you can about poisons, readily available chemicals, and household products. Sometimes the research need go no further than the warning label on a can. Any label that gives instructions as to what to do if the contents are swallowed indicates that the contents can be deadly. All you have to do is just what the warning tells you not to do.

Take for example the aerosol can. Here's the warning off a can of spray-on starch, supposedly about the most harmless chemical product on the market: Do not puncture or incinerate container. Do not expose to heat or store at temperature above 120 degrees. Avoid freezing.

Why aren't you supposed to heat it up? Because it can turn into a bomb. Wedge an aerosol can so that it lies against the engine block of the political commissar's car. He and his driver may get one hell of a surprise about the time they start up a hill at sixty miles an hour. Stick a full can behind a radiator or room heater, or sneak it into the gas furnace. You can do that during a warm spell when the furnace isn't on and be long gone on the day when the thermostat kicks over.

It won't work every time, but this is such a safe form of sabotage that you can keep trying until it does. Any aerosol can will work. It should be full, and it will work a lot better if the contents are flammable or dangerous in their own right. Good examples would be cans of spray paint, oven cleaner, or insecticide that warn that humans should not stay in an unventilated room where contents are being used.

Collect maps and engineering plans of roads, waterways, sewer lines, and water mains. Know where the government installations and buildings in your city and county are located. Learn everything you can about the military bases in the area. The new totalitarian government, even if it is an occupation army, will certainly continue to use the same installations. If possible, find out what power, communications, and water lines service such installations.

Try to identify people who work in government buildings and what they do. Again, the new totalitarian government will keep at least some of the same employees on the payroll.

If you live in an apartment building, identify all the exits, especially basement windows and doors leading to the roof. If possible, find out how they are locked and make sure you have the necessary tools to go through those locks. Know your own neighborhood, the alleys as well as the streets. Plan for getting back into your house or your apartment without being seen.

Any lethal subject you can become an expert in without letting anybody else know about it could prove especially useful. For example, learn what poisonous plants grow wild in your area. (Oftentimes newspapers or local magazines will warn about the dangers of such plants as a public service.) Check your city library. You would be surprised what kinds of books are found in the reference and science sections.

4. Concealment. Identify places in your home, apartment building, and neighborhood where you can secrete supplies, weapons, plans, documents, and similar items. A secret hiding place in the home is especially important. No hiding place is 100 percent sure, especially if you have been identified as a suspect. But your hiding places should be able to escape the kind of search where armed thugs go through all the houses on the block looking for weapons. The hiding place will also be important in terms of keeping your activities secret from neighbors, friends, relatives, and the kids.

If you have a large yard or live in a rural area, establish stocked hiding places away from the house. These can include buried supplies of weapons, ammunition, and tools. Even such things as an extra print wheel for a daisy style typewriter can be hidden and can be a guarantee that you can engage in a propaganda war without your documents being traced back to you.

5. Physical Fitness. Get in shape. If you are like the average American, you have been meaning to do it, but you keep putting it off. Why have the freedom you have now if you can't enjoy it because of self-induced physical limitations? If you have to fight to get freedom back, fitness will be a weapon.

This list is by no means complete. It is up to you to finish it. After all, it's going to be your fight if it ever comes!

## 5. Getting at Them

Okay, you're going to be a secret freedom fighter. You've declared war on the oppressors. What do you do then, start blowing up bridges and attacking military convoys?

Of course not. Those kinds of operations require teams of fighters. Leave that to the rebels in the mountains.

The secret freedom fighter always wants to work in secret and strike from ambush, hitting the enemy, then escaping to plan and act again. Because he is one person, working alone, he doesn't have to do as much damage in a single operation as a guerrilla force would have 'to do to justify the risk. Because you are only one man, your target will generally be only one man.

You want to find things that you yourself can do without getting caught that will make somebody in the oppressor government unhappy, or hurt, or dead. At the minimum, you want to give him extra work, make him look bad with his boss, and maybe divert his attention from what he is supposed to be doing for a while. Better, you want to make him physically sick and mentally discouraged. Even better, you want to take him completely out of the picture for a day, or a week, or, best of all, forever.

### THE TARGETS ARE THE LOUSES WHO HOLD YOU DOWN.

The first thing you have to do is to pick the target. Operational targets for a secret freedom fighter can be identified in any of the following groups of people:

1. Foreign military occupation troops. While officers rank highest, all members of any foreign military force stationed in your country helping to keep you from being free are fair game. Their presence in your country without your permission is an open declaration of war against you.

2. National military forces, especially those engaged in the suppression of political dissidents or fighting guerrilla bands of openly committed freedom fighters. Here the priority should be the officers first and then the noncoms. As every totalitarian state imposes a military draft, most of the grunts will be in the army by force. Rather than targeting them, it's better to hope they turn into secret freedom fighters on their own. The draftees may get hurt as the result of one of your actions, but they shouldn't be the primary target.

3. Government leaders, political authorities, and all members of their immediate staffs. These are the primary villains, your fellow citizens who benefit most from your loss of freedom. (This list reflects the priority of targets in a country that's lost its freedom through military occupation. In a situation where our own leaders steal freedom, this group would be the first priority, rated above the national army.)

4. The secret police or any police organization engaged in political repression and persecution.

5. Ruling political party leaders' and officials.. In some countries, including the USSR and Cuba, the party officials are often more important than the titular government leaders.

6. Civilian government employees directly engaged in the repression of basic freedoms. This group would include government censors, officials charged with recruiting slave or forced labor, those administering farm collectivization programs, tax collectors, forced housing authorities, population relocation agents, and those

charged with confiscating weapons, personal computers, duplicating machines, and any other personal property declared to be against the law.

All these people will be working in occupations and professions that couldn't possibly exist in a free society. That definition gives you a good way of deciding who deserves to be made a target.

7. Known collaborators. Your fellow citizens who have cooperated with the oppressors by spying on others, reporting on the movements of dissident groups, serving on committees that make forced-labor work assignments, etc. You don't want to act against anyone in this group unless you are absolutely certain of the guilt of the individual. Even then, you are engaging in vigilante justice. However, there may well be cases in which that is justified in a totalitarian society.

Remember, you are going to make war, not become a terrorist. Therefore, your operations should not target, or, if at all possible, injure or seriously inconvenience anybody in any of the following groups.

1. The general population and all ordinary citizens. These are all potential allies. It is hoped that many of them will be engaged in their own secret freedom fighter campaigns.

2. Civilian government officials and employees working in agencies that provide benefits to the general population. These would include medical personnel, welfare workers, fire fighters, garbage collectors, health and sanitation officials, etc.

3. Policemen who are only engaged in the protection of the public from violent crimes. The exception here would be corrupt policemen who are shaking down small businessmen or using their position to wring special favors out of the general public. Corrupt and crooked policemen make excellent targets for any freedom fighter.

The secret freedom fighter must always take the greatest care to ensure that the non target groups do not get injured. If there is any reasonable chance they will get injured, the operation should be abandoned.

## TO KNOW THE ENEMY IS TO GET HIM.

It's not enough to know who your target should be. You have to be able to know it's him when you see him. Most Americans wouldn't recognize their own Congressman, state senator, local police chief, or even the governor if they ran into him on a beach or in a crowded supermarket. Of course it's easy to tell who he is when he's wearing a uniform and standing on a podium, but that's not when an authority is most vulnerable. If possible, you want to catch him alone, drunk and in his skivvies, but you have to know what he looks like to do that.

Some years ago, I talked to a man who had just been appointed by the president of the U.S. to an important and controversial position in the government. News of the appointment was in all the newspapers with lots of pictures. The fellow had even been interviewed by Barbara Walters for a half hour on morning television.

Later on that day, he spent over an hour strolling along the streets of New York. Not once did anybody give him a second glance. Up to then, he had been worried about his personal security and was even considering asking for Secret Service protection. After his stroll, he decided he would stop worrying, at least until people started to recognize him on the street.

If you want to be a secret freedom fighter, you want to be able to recognize that kind of man on the street. If you are living in a totalitarian society and you can recognize certain figures, you can turn and follow the victim, hoping he walks down an alley or goes into a building where you can be alone with him. If he does and you are carrying a silenced pistol, or even a knife, you will have a chance to act immediately. All you have to do is pull the trigger and walk away.

Once you are out of the immediate area, there is no way the authorities can ever tie you, a perfect stranger, to the act.

Even if you don't get an opportunity to cancel out the recent appointment to high office, you might learn something about him that can be used at a later time.

You want to learn everything you can about the people who are in the target groups. You want to know what they look like, where they live, where they work, what they do for recreation. Most of them are a vain lot, so they like to have their faces on the TV and their pictures in the local propaganda rag. Study those sources like a star-struck teenager pouring over movie magazines.

Don't just rely on the media. Go to the parades to learn the faces of the people standing on the review stand. If you have the chance to talk to people who work around potential targets, cultivate them and discreetly pump them for information.

There is almost no chance you will ever get to the man at the top. However, the people at the top depend on those down the line, and the further down the line the more vulnerable they become. So expect that your operations will usually have to be targeted at mid-level and upper mid-level leaders. Even so, that can be effective. Those are the people who do the real work. If they get scared, they spend all their time worrying about their own hide, not about doing the will of the dictator.

There is a lot of luck in secret freedom fighting, but luck isn't worth much if you don't recognize the man who just came into the restaurant as a colonel in the occupying army.

## ONCE YOU HAVE A TARGET, WHAT COMES NEXT?

What comes next depends both on the kind of opportunities you can find and your physical and mental limitations. No two secret freedom fighters will have the same opportunities. Important variables will include the kind of job you have, the people you know, the place you live, any special skills you have, and a lot of times, just dumb luck. The important thing is to hurt them as much as you can while getting away with it. Don't spend time and effort trying to do the impossible.

## ON-THE-JOB OPPORTUNITIES

A number of professions and occupations offer unique opportunities for inflicting damage on the enemy. If you are working in one of those jobs, you have not only an opportunity, but a responsibility to inflict more damage than those working in more ordinary occupations. The following are some occupations that offer unique opportunities to the secret freedom fighter.

1. The military draftee. As I noted earlier, every totalitarian government in the world uses involuntary conscription to man its army. No single occupation offers more opportunities for secret freedom fighting than that of the enlisted draftee. The young man forced to serve in a totalitarian army can put to use every single suggestion listed in this book, ranging from the practical joke to lethal attacks on his officers and noncoms.

It is my personal belief that a young man forced to serve in the army of a totalitarian government not only is morally justified in the fragging of his officers, he is morally required to do so.

A draftee doesn't have to wait until he gets into actual combat to start hurting the men who have taken total control over his life. Training, especially live-ammunition training, offers opportunities for accident. But don't think you have to use a military weapon just because they give you one when they draft you into the army.

Suppose, for example, that a draftee assigned clean-up duty in the local headquarters building finds a bottle of headache capsules in the desk of a major. He has seen the major take a couple of the capsules every so often and he knows that nobody else ever uses the medicine.

The draftee buys a bottle of the same kind of headache remedy, takes a couple of the capsules carefully apart, and replaces the headache powder inside with cleaning crystals. He then looks for a chance to drop the two doctored capsules into the major's headache pill bottle. I frankly don't know what the capsules will do to the major once he swallows them, but they sure Won't help his headache.

Another draftee on maneuvers sees and catches a rattlesnake, hides it in a bag until it's hungry and angry, and then slips it into the same desk drawer where the major keeps his secret stash of vodka.

2. Forced labor details. Sooner or later, every totalitarian government uses involuntary forced labor. The idea of doing a job on the cheap by using unpaid labor is appealing to politicians.

I hope that Americans have learned to love freedom enough that they will never willingly cooperate when forced to work as slave labor. A forced laborer doesn't want to confront the man with the whip or the gun. But when the oppressor isn't looking, then the fun can begin. Goldbrick of course, but also be constantly on the lookout for chances to do real damage. Break tools, but make it look accidental. Lose anything you can drop, hide, or misplace. Waste everything you can, from paper to fuel. Throw dirt into machinery. Sabotage can be the medicine that relieves the pain of slavery.

A laborer told to mix mortar or cement can, when no one is looking, mix extra helpings of sand into the mortar or cement, ensuring the eventual collapse of a wall or ceiling of a military installation.

Most important of all, look for opportunities to maim and hurt those holding the guns and the whips. These can be sudden opportunities. For example, someone on a forced labor road-construction gang might have a chance to roll a rock down a hill into a guard station, or bump an official inspecting the work so he falls off a small cliff.

If the involuntary laborer is allowed to sleep at home or away from the work area, he can also smuggle in weapons that might be used during the workday, especially if security gets lax. Forced labor is often used to perform personal services, such as cleaning bathrooms. A prepared freedom fighter who cleans toilets might have a chance to spread DMSO laced with nicotine, digitalis, or some other poison on a water faucet in the officers' latrine.

The forced laborer who is put to work in a factory will have unbelievable chances for sabotage. Screws can be twisted too tight, or not tight enough. Wires can be left disconnected, or connected to the wrong terminal. Threads can be stripped, cutting edges dulled, sand slipped into machinery, and so on. Sure, it's dangerous. But if you think you are eventually going to get free by playing along, you deserve the chains around your ankles.

Remember, the more you smile and say, "Yes, Sir," when they are looking, the better the chances to screw things up when they turn away.

3. The government worker. Don't quit your government job just because your country is no longer free. Like the draftee, the government worker has a unique opportunity to disrupt and interfere with the efforts of the totalitarian state.

In the take-over of a democratic society, the new totalitarian government will continue to use the same government employees who were on the job before the take-over, at least in the lower-ranking positions. Even in a country that has been militarily occupied, the totalitarian government will have to keep thousands of ordinary citizens employed to type documents, carry the mail, dispose of the garbage, file papers, drive official cars, clean the barracks, take applications, deal with the public, and distribute whatever benefits they hand out to keep the general public submissive.

The kinds of opportunities open to government employees will depend on the nature of their specific occupations or professions and the agency in which they are working.

Clerical and office workers can lose files, leak classified information, waste and mismanage supplies, spread misinformation, slow the work pace-screw up almost everything their authoritarian bosses are trying to do.

Government workers acting as secret freedom fighters must always remember that they are out to hurt those who govern, not those that are governed. My objection to the person who screwed up the IRS computer system in 1985 is not that he gave the IRS a lot of trouble but that a lot of taxpayers didn't get their refunds on time, or even at all because of it.

Most government offices have lots of people moving around all the time. While the secretary who was asked to type up a list of suspected gun owners would be taking a real risk in losing the list, another secretary visiting the office might find it lying there on a desk and steal it. Just stealing a couple of files out of a government official's desk will probably do some ordinary citizens a real service. How upset would you be if the file which was going to start an audit of your income tax return was "accidentally" lost?

Maintenance and service employees will be able to sabotage vehicles, equipment and buildings, destroy government property, and disrupt communications equipment. A cleaning lady in a room full of computers might do nothing more than pick up the equipment and drop it a couple of times.

The clean-up crew can always give a bureaucrat a couple of hours of unproductive time.

Cleaning people, janitors, yard men, and others working around and in government buildings have repeated chances to take action. A janitor could be the man who hides the aerosol can in the gas furnace right after it has been serviced for the year but before it's cold enough to be turned on.

A cleaning lady can find that the boss suffers from diabetes and keeps his insulin in a refrigerator she regularly cleans. All she needs is a few minutes alone with the bottle and the hypodermic. She draws out part of the insulin and dilutes the rest with water. The boss finds he has to increase his dose to keep his sugar level down. There is a good chance that when he finally gets a full-strength bottle, he is going to overdose, bringing on insulin shock. With a little luck it will kill him.

A secretary can mix a bit of soap powder or any of the non-lethal but painful poisons into the executive coffee pot, perhaps knocking out the boss and everybody who attended the meeting.

A yard man who gains access to the private quarters of the chief of staff of the local military government could quickly break a gas line, setting up an explosive situation later in the day.

Every government executive of any stature at all has his own private bathroom by his office. A maintenance man with access to the building could fill the toilet bowl with sulfuric acid, and then put potassium cyanide compound into the tank. The next time the executive flushes the toilet, he creates his own gas chamber.

The government employee who is a practicing secret freedom fighter should also be looking for opportunities to do a bit of good for the poor, ordinary Joe who is forced to deal with the government. Depending on the position he holds and the authority that goes with it, a government employee may be able to frustrate some of the things his office is trying to do to other people.

I have one friend who was drafted into the U.S. Army back in the Sixties and assigned as a clerk in the Provost Marshall's office. He quickly discovered that there was one officer who actually tried to help grunts facing court-martial when he was assigned defense-counsel duties. My friend made it a point to shuffle papers around so that enlisted men who appeared to be getting the shaft got the sympathetic officer assigned to their case. My friend didn't last long as a legal clerk, but in the time he held the job, a couple of draftees got a rare bit of fair military justice.

Government employees, no matter how far down they are on the pecking order, learn a lot about waste, mismanagement, and incompetence in government. They see it all the time. They also quickly learn that there is no future for whistle-blowers. Even in our relatively free society the most important secrets are the ones hiding government incompetence and criminal conduct.

If it is bad now, you can imagine what it is like in a totalitarian government. They are not only going to be wasting tax-payers' money, but they are also going to be laying plans for all sorts of nasty things for the citizen: forced labor, land confiscation, population relocations, and reeducation centers. The quicker everybody learns what is going on, the sooner they can join in the fight to make sure it doesn't happen. Any government worker is going to learn about things that the bosses want kept secret. If such an employee is committed to freedom, he is going to want to tell the ordinary citizen what's going on.

Of course, under a dictator, there won't be a 60 Minutes type program to tell your story to. (You will have to use the secret freedom propaganda techniques described later in this chapter.) Get the story out, even if all you do is type it up on a safe typewriter, and, on the office copying machine, make copies which will be left in rest rooms, on park benches, or lying on the street. You may do more damage that way than anything you could do with a bomb or a rifle.

4. The recreation industry. People are most vulnerable when they are off-duty and having fun. In a totalitarian state, the target groups are the only ones with the money and the opportunity to have a good time. Secret freedom fighters working as cooks, waiters, bell boys, hotel maids, golf pros and caddies, bartenders, and amusement-park attendants will find that a high percentage of their customers are people in the target groups.

If a secret freedom fighter has access to the area behind the bar at the officer's club, the tyrant buying the drinks could end up wishing he had never left the office.

The freedom fighter might already have prepared some special ice cubes. He takes a poison that is soluble in water, perhaps nothing more than a pharmaceutical like digitalis or a good dose of the herbicide Paraquat. He freezes a small quantity of that in enough water to make up a ball the size of a marble. That in turn is then frozen into the center of a regular-sized ice cube which is slipped into the bar's ice supply.

If you are a bartender, you can target a specific individual, but you had better use either a very slow-acting poison or something that will cause symptoms similar to a heart attack or food poisoning.

If you aren't a bartender but have access to the bar area, you can slip the special ice cube in with the rest and let the draw determine the victim.

A maid enters a hotel room in a resort area to make up a bed. She finds the guest has passed out from too much booze with his clothes still on. She recognizes him as an important political advisor to the state's military governor. The politician's half-eaten evening meal which he ordered from room service is still on the table. There is a large piece of meat the man didn't finish. The maid quickly cuts a big piece of meat and chews it a few times in her own mouth to make it look like someone tried to eat it. Then she shoves it down the throat of the drunken politician, choking him to death. The maid quietly leaves, letting someone on the morning shift find the corpse.

A groundskeeper at a golf club where only the political elite of the new government play notes a forested rough area where golfers sometimes spend long periods of time looking for lost balls. The groundskeeper covers a ball-peen hammer head with an old cover off a golf ball. He hides the "weapon" under the roots of one of the trees in the rough area. He has to wait six months before the perfect opportunity presents itself, but he finally catches the deputy chief of the new secret police, whose nastiness is only matched by the arc of his golf slice, looking for a lost bail on a day that the course is crowded with other players. Ten minutes later, one of the others in the foursome finds the corpse of the deputy, a perfect imprint of a golf bail on the man's temple. A long, and for some, painful investigation fails to discover to whom the ball lying near the corpse originally belonged.

Two colonels in the New People's Army and their Russian military advisor are enjoying a day of boating, fishing, and beer guzzling. A massive leak suddenly starts at the bow of the boat, which sinks almost immediately. It's an easy swim to shore, but the Russian, who was supposed to be a good swimmer, never makes it. No one saw the man with the mask and the snorkel who helped the military advisor find the bottom of the lake. That was also the man who rigged the boat with a plug held in by water-soluble glue.

Let's not forget the prostitute and other people providing illegal services. The opportunities available to the ladies of the night shouldn't need much explanation. Moreover, many prostitutes may have a good reason for getting even. A lot of totalitarian governments, including both the German and the Japanese in World War II, forced local women into prostitution.

Here's a way one of those girls might get back. Her customer for the night is the director of the reeducation camp where 1,500 former teachers, city councilmen, and newspaper people are being brainwashed. Our boy is in his mid forties, thirty pounds overweight, and convinced he's a great lover. Our soiled heroine has finally knocked him out with a combination of food, booze, and sex. He is sleeping like a baby beside her.

She carefully arranges his arms down to his side and covers him with one side of the sheet he is sleeping on. Next, she gently rolls him over, wrapping him in the sheet while she does it. Once he is wrapped in that sheet, he is as helpless as a man in a straight jacket. She can take her own sweet time smothering him with a pillow or just holding her hand over his mouth and nose.

Once he's dead, she can unwrap the sheet. If she's in his hotel room, she walks out. If she is in her own room, she can claim he died of a heart attack. She will be believed. It happens often enough and it is almost impossible for a doctor to determine whether a person died by being smothered unless there are physical injuries, broken neck bones, crushed larynxes, or bruises. That's the beauty of the sheet and the pillow. Besides, the man's friends will be so worried about covering up the fact that he died in a prostitute's bed that they won't even consider the possibility that he might have been murdered.

5. Everybody else. Nothing mentioned thus far should be taken to imply that if you don't work in one of those occupations, there is not much you can do as a secret freedom fighter. Every individual living under a totalitarian regime can have his chance, if he will only look for it.

Gas-station and parking-lot attendants, grocery-store clerks, delivery men, taxi drivers, and termite exterminators can all find themselves with sudden opportunities.

A taxi driver recognizes the two men who get into his vehicle late at night as young officers with the occupation army. He has been waiting for months for such an opportunity. He fakes a breakdown on a deserted street. When both passengers get out to look for another cab, he uses the silenced pistol he has been carrying hidden under the seat. He leaves the corpses lying in the gutter and immediately hides or gets rid of the weapon. He waits a year before he starts to hunt again for a victim.

A city apartment dweller discovers the new next-door neighbor is a member of the "governing council" appointed by the military dictator. A farmer finds out that a group of occupation generals is hunting on a nearby ridge. A man walking home late from work meets an occupation army major strolling back to his quarters with a brain full of booze.

You discover that the pretty girl in the fancy apartment next door is the secret mistress of the local political commissar and that he visits her every Tuesday evening. The last occupant had given you the key once when he went out of town and asked you to water the plants. You check and find she didn't bother to change the locks when she moved in. You sneak into the apartment Tuesday morning while she is at work and rig the toilet by sticking plastic explosive around the upper rim of the bowl where it can't be seen. (Check to make sure it will still flush properly without pushing the plastic explosive down where it can be seen.) Set a detonator that will go off when the seat is lifted. She will use the toilet in perfect safety, but guess what happens when lover boy has to go!

One of the easiest places in the world for someone to get away with murder is a hospital. People die all the time in hospitals and no one ever suspects or looks for foul play. You don't have to work in a hospital to get access to the patients. During visiting hours, they let everyone in. Outside of visiting hours, people dressed in hospital uniforms of doctors, nurses, food-service personnel, or volunteer workers can move about the floors without challenge.

Some military hospitals require all employees to wear identity cards, but those can be stolen or easily faked.

Say you know that the staff aide to the local commissar is in the hospital with a case of bleeding ulcers. You walk in off the street during visiting hours, steal a white robe, hang a stethoscope around your neck and walk into his room, while he is sleeping. The things you can do are endless.

Monkey around with the IV bottle until you get a large air bubble heading for his vein. Pull the plug on the respirator if he is on one. Wake him up and give him a pill that will aggravate his condition. Smother him with a pillow.

The secret is opportunity and imagination. The more casual and expected the chance meeting, the better the opportunity for inflicting damage and getting away with it.

## 6. Hurting Them without Killing

Just exactly what are you going to do to the oppressors? I have already described several possibilities. There are hundreds and thousands of things that can be done to mess up the system and make life miserable for people who are denying you freedom. The real problem is not finding something you can do to hurt them. The real problem is going to be within yourself.

Before you can do anything, you are going to have to climb over a big hurdle, the one that keeps you a nice, decent, ordinary human being. If you are like me and nearly every other guy around, you don't want to give anybody a hard time. The real reason that you've been a good citizen all these years is that it feels good.

Most human beings would rather join together and take on Mother Nature than squabble over yesterday's leftovers. If we are working for somebody, we want to do a good job, not sabotage the boss.

Take my own personal example. I worked for more years than I care to admit inside the government. That's why I know how vulnerable governments can be to the kinds of things I'm suggesting in this book.

At times I have been in an almost unique position to wreak havoc. destroy records, and damage the system from the inside without getting caught.

Yet, even though I have had lots of disagreements over policy and how that policy was being implemented, I've never been tempted to commit any of the things I'm suggesting we all do if we lose our freedom.

For all the faults of our American government, I have always been able to complain, oppose policy, argue with the boss, and if I wanted, to quit and make the issue a public fight.

That urge to cooperate, to be one of the boys, to hear a bit of praise from the boss for a job well done, is so strong in us that people take advantage of it when they take away our freedom.

When they steal our freedom, we have to change our nature. The imposition of a totalitarian state is such a horror that the rules have to be changed. We have to do what is necessary, while ignoring the cry of our souls to stop. If we can't get over that hurdle, there is no way we will ever get freedom back.

Even so, a lot of people who don't like losing their freedom are not going to have the mental makeup required to suddenly start killing people or doing other things they have always been taught were crimes. That's okay and understandable. Such people can still do their bit as secret freedom fighters.

## YOU DON'T HAVE TO KILL SOMEONE TO RUIN HIS DAY.

Any deliberate action which makes it more difficult for the authorities of a totalitarian state to operate is welcome, even a practical joke.

A hotel maid can sprinkle a bit of itching powder, preferably the kind that is activated by sweat, in the clean underwear of a hotel guest she knows is in the target group. Cockroaches can be released in an office. An irritating chemical can be slipped into the soap dispenser in a government building.

Such practical jokes can be very effective tools for disrupting the work of any government. I once saw one of the biggest embassies shut down and emptied for an afternoon when an embassy guard accidentally exploded a tear-gas grenade near an air-conditioning intake. That was an accident, but that kind of thing can be done on purpose.

You don't have to have a tear-gas bomb to do it. All you need are a few old film negatives or an unexposed roll of film. Wrap it in paper and light it. It will smoke, not burn. Throw that into the air intake. It won't produce the pain that tear gas does but the building will have to be evacuated.

While on assignment in a foreign country, I watched a government building evacuated when one of the employees discovered a large briefcase sitting in a closet. It was locked, was quite heavy, and something was ticking inside. There was a piece of note paper glued to the outside. It said, "Danger, do not touch. Explosive device inside."

The building was evacuated and dozens of government employees stood around outside waiting for a bomb-detection squad to arrive and examine the briefcase. When it was finally opened, it was found to contain several large rocks and an old alarm clock. It was a joke, but for two hours no bureaucrat in that building did any damage to the ordinary citizen.

Practical jokes can be done by people who have no direct access to either the buildings or the government personnel working in the buildings. All it takes is a phone call, a package dropped in a mailbox, or a letter with a vicious but plausible rumor sent to the boss.

The anonymous letter can do damage, especially if it is well written and sounds plausible. They work even better if at least some of the information is true.

Suppose you see the district slave-labor coordinator in a public bar one evening and he's had a few too many. Write the security police an unsigned letter and tell them about it. Give the actual dates, address, and name of the bar and describe what the man was wearing. Then add that he was loudly criticizing government programs and that you saw him accepting payment from some men in the bar to drop their names off the list of those available for "voluntary" labor. So, the last bit isn't true, but there's a good chance the police will investigate anyway.

You would think the idiots who run governments would be smart enough to realize that anonymous letters and phone calls are as useless as sources of reliable information as used pieces of toilet paper. Yet, not too long ago our own government initiated a program inviting anonymous letters and phone calls.

The purpose was to encourage people to report mismanagement, fraud, and bribery. The system has been in place now for about six years. I have never heard of a single case where one of the thousands of investigated, anonymous tips resulted in a conviction or job dismissal. But hundreds of supervisors have been harassed, inconvenienced, and threatened as the average incompetent government worker discovered a new way to keep the boss out of his hair.

## IF IT DOESN'T WORK, THEY HAVE TO TAKE TIME OUT TO FIX IT.

If it isn't broken, break it. Break anything that will be used for any purpose by someone in the target groups. Sabotage doesn't just mean blowing up bridges and troop trains. Sabotage can be something as simple as shorting out the air conditioner in a headquarters building, or puncturing all the tires of the political commissar while he's making a quick visit to his girlfriend.

The secret freedom fighters with the best opportunity for effective sabotage are going to be the draftees, government employees, and those with access to government buildings and installations. The real problem is not going to be finding something to sabotage, but making sure the saboteur doesn't get caught. For that reason, the best kind of sabotage is one which involves a delayed action.

A janitor, plumber, or someone who finds himself alone for a couple of minutes in a basement can jump-wire a fuse so it won't function when there is an overload. A gas line can be weakened, wiring deliberately frayed, a small explosive device thrown in a coal bin or a furnace, or a steam pressure valve can be clogged. Such time bombs can sit for weeks or even months before they suddenly take their toll.

Most of the time, people in the target groups, especially those with less rank, will be living in ordinary neighborhoods. Their quarters will be much more vulnerable to sabotage than their workplace.

So, why pull a practical joke when you could have just as easily planted a bomb? If the man is important enough and you are willing to take the risk, blow him up. But an assassination by explosion will be investigated a lot more thoroughly than a clogged toilet, a damaged fuse box, or a small fire. And, they will be interviewing the meter reader as a prime suspect after the explosion.

The idea is to do as much as you can to make life miserable for the oppressors without getting caught.

Anybody who's got two minutes alone with any piece of machinery can do something that will stop it from working. A secret freedom fighter should be on a constant lookout for opportunities to do just that. The best action is against machinery for which you are not accountable. Standing in someone else's office, drop a bobby pin or a paper clip into a typewriter or calculator. Look for places where electrical machinery can be shorted out but won't blow until it is turned on.

Smear smelly substances on door handles or other places that government officials will touch. Squirt liquid solder into locks. Practical jokes are never funny to the people on the receiving end. They get mad, and they can stay mad for hours or days. Mad people never do their job well.

If you are working in maintenance or any other job that gives you access to machinery for which you are not responsible in government buildings, you can carry a small screwdriver, an adjustable wrench, or a pair of needle-nosed pliers all the time. Disconnect air conditioners, loosen screws on office machines, take washers out of water faucets.

Automobiles are the saboteur's dream. There is so much that can be done to them that 1'11 only include a few suggestions here. Critical nuts can be loosened, hydraulic lines weakened, wires cut through or shorted, and tires damaged. Also, all sorts of nasty things can be put into the gas tank.

The thing to remember is to not damage a car for which you are responsible. If you are a chauffeur for a colonel, wait till you get a chance at the general's car when his chauffeur isn't looking.

A gas station attendant who services government vehicles can prepare a special can of oil by making a small hole and adding sand, metal filings, or any other abrasive material. The next time the political commissar's limo needs a quart of oil, the special can is pulled off the back shelf where it sat waiting for the call to arms.

A man pumping gas can keep an open bottle of soda handy and pour it into a gas tank when no one is looking, while pumping gas. The sugar in the soda will be just as effective as dry sugar from a cup. But nobody is going to wonder why you are standing there with a soda pop in one hand while you pump gas.

A parking-lot attendant can keep a small paper box full of wasps or hornets hidden at work. While the general's chauffeur is off getting his cup of coffee, the attendant slips the box of hornets under the front seat.

He rigs the box first with a dry-ice plug in the only hole in the box or can. If the hornets get loose about the time the chauffeur hits seventy miles an hour, it might not be a practical joke. It could be assassination time.

## DESTROYING MACHINERY IS FUN, BUT DESTROYING INFORMATION WILL HURT EVEN MORE.

Files and information systems should be a primary target for any secret freedom fighter who is employed in a government office. File clerks and secretaries, especially those working in offices where several different people do filing, can miss file or even lose files. The secret is in knowing enough about the work of the office that you can pick something very important to lose.

As a man who has worked in government offices, I know only too well the frustrations of trying to find a file you know is supposed to be there-and isn't. I've seen the work of an entire office come to a complete halt for an hour or more while everybody looks for the file the boss was hollering about. Even when it was found, the day was ruined for both the boss and his secretary.

Nobody thought the file might have been lost on purpose. That is one of the great advantages of the secret freedom fighter who stays on the job and lets people think he is just another dumb slob trying to do it right. Most authoritarians like to think they are in such total control that they have the absolute loyalty of everyone who works for them. Therefore, when things go wrong, the cause is incompetence, not an intentional act.

## COMPUTERS OFFER A WHOLE NEW WORLD FOR SABOTAGE.

Government offices are increasingly relying on computers to handle data, ranging from payroll to defense readiness communications. If information and knowledge is power, then the computer gives the tyrant new possibilities to gather and control data and information on his subjects.

Fortunately for the person who loves freedom, computers also offer new horizons for sabotaging what the bad guys on the top are trying to do.

There are four kinds of sabotage. You can damage the hardware, damage or destroy data, alter or damage the software, and alter data.

Computers, being sensitive and complicated pieces of equipment, all too frequently break down, even without a bit of help. Most of us know well the frustration of having to wait for a seat assignment on an airplane or an answer to a question from the communications and record room because the computer is down.

Even a hard bump can knock the system out. One of the government agencies I once worked with had its entire worldwide communications system out for an hour when a cleaning crew bumped an industrial vacuum cleaner into one of the machines.

Often, the guts of circuit boards in the computers and the peripherals are easily accessible. All those printed circuits. chips, transistors, or processors can easily be damaged or destroyed with nothing more complicated than a fingernail. If you are a secret freedom fighter and you ever get a chance at one of those boards in a government office, try twisting, pulling, or pinching just about anything you can touch, and you are going to put something out of commission.

Data is carried over wires. Look for the wires that connect computer terminals with the mainframe. I discovered in one office where I worked that all the wires for the entire computer system were enclosed in metal tubes that were exposed in several parts of the building. Every five or six feet, there was a metal plate allowing access to the tubes. The plates were held on with only two screws. It would have taken less than two minutes to cut a wire, or better yet, bend it back and forth until the wire broke inside, but the insulation remained intact. The main danger would have been making sure that the wire cut was carrying data and not the system's power supply. Make sure you know what you are cutting, or use insulated gloves.

The real beauty about damaging a piece of official computer hardware is that the damage may also destroy the information in the system. Nothing more than a two- or three second break in the power system can result in data loss.

I've seen it happen. If you think the boss can get unhappy when he loses a file, hang around for a while when an entire afternoon's work has been destroyed because a computer ate the data.

All computer data is stored as magnetic information. That means a magnetic field can be deadly in the wrong place, especially around such things as floppy disks. Yet disks are increasingly being used to store data with the only backup storage on other disks. All it takes to erase all the data on a floppy disk is a small magnet. A pair of nail clippers or a nail file can easily be magnetized at home by wrapping a wire coil around it and then connecting each end of the wire to a battery. (It has to be direct current, so don't try plugging the wire into the wall socket.) All you have to do is rub the clippers or the nail file across the surface of any floppy disk or storage tape you can get your hands on. Bingo, everything on the disks is gone.

I worked for a while in one government office where each year we had to prepare an annual report and strategy assessment. Fortunately, the first year we did the report we had just gotten an office word processor. Even with that, the report took over one hundred man hours to prepare.

The next year it took us ten hours. We had the first year's report on a floppy disk. All we had to do was drop the disk into the computer, bring up the document, and punch in the new figures and estimates. But if somebody had waved a magnet across the face of that disk at any time during the year it sat in a file cabinet, the report would have taken at least eighty hours and destroyed the morale of both the boss and the secretary for several weeks.

In most offices with computer systems, more than one person has access to both the computer station and the data banks. Code words and other restrictions are often programmed in to try to limit access to certain kinds of data, but such protections tend to break down. Operators with memory problems will write their personal codes down, often on pieces of paper left lying around their desk. Once you have the code, you can get into that set of files from any terminal in the system.

Sometimes, it is even simpler than that. An operator will leave her station standing alone while she goes for a cup of coffee or chat with a fellow worker. It only takes thirty seconds or so for someone walking by to bring up data and change or erase it. In many systems an entire document that is up on the screen can be erased by no more than punching a couple of buttons. Even if the lost data can be duplicated, it may take hours of searching through paper files to finish the job. For the person who does know programming and computers, the opportunities for mischief are almost endless. We have all heard about the computer hackers, young geniuses who browse through computer files they manage to break into over telephone connections. Let's hope if we ever need them, they all decide to become secret freedom fighters.

Once you get access to computer data banks, the opportunities for a secret freedom fighter are limited only by his imagination and the type of data he has gained access to.

Payroll records can be lots of fun. The basic idea is to give the grunts and the citizens a bit extra and the bosses and officers a hard time. Low-level employees can be credited with extra overtime or their salaries increased. Officers will find their income-tax payments suddenly doubled or their paycheck lost altogether.

That recently happened to one government employee I know. Someone changed the data entry on the bank where his paycheck was supposed to be sent for deposit. His check started going to a bank in another state that had never heard of the government employee.

My friend didn't know anything had gone wrong until his checks started bouncing. Then it took him over four weeks to get it straightened out. By the time it was all straightened out, the poor guy was spending the better part of his workday trying to solve his own problems and not performing his government job. Multiply that a thousand times and think what you would have!

Another way to cause problems would be to rewrite a few government form letters. Once those letters are in the computer, they usually get sent out with no one checking them for errors. A few quick changes and people who were supposed to get letters telling them to report for induction would be getting strangely worded letters telling them they were exempt from induction.

Suppose, for example, that someone got into the computer that the government uses to notify all eighteen-year-old males that they need to register for the draft. All one would have to do would be add a couple of sentences telling the kids the almost nonexistent chances of their being prosecuted if they don't register. Thousands of letters would probably go out before the sabotage was discovered.

As for those who understand programming, the possibilities can get even better. A skilled programmer can write a program that can be fed into almost any computer. This special kind of program, called a worm or a virus, will at a later date suddenly activate and destroy all the data in the computer system or significantly alter it. It can even be designed to spread into other systems that are electronically connected to the first system before it activates.

Don't ask me how it is done, I'm not a programmer, but there are at least three incidents in which it has already been done to large commercial firms by disgruntled employees. I very strongly suspect that kind of sabotage was behind the massive but never-explained computer problems of the IRS.

For sure, 1985 will go down in the history of the IRS as the year of the great computer breakdown. Our wonderful tax-collection boys lost thousands of pieces of information because of a computer malfunction. Hundreds of returns were lost. refund checks were delayed, and who knows how many tax cheats escaped detection because everybody was busy trying to unravel the computer mess.

The IRS has blamed the problem on some programming bugs in a new computer system that had been installed across the United States. What's interesting is that the system didn't break down immediately.

Those who got their returns in early got their refunds in time. It was only after the system had been operating for some months that things suddenly went haywire.

The IRS doesn't want us to know just how close it came to losing the entire system. They tell us that the great computer disaster was an accident. I don't believe it. I'm willing to bet that some employee working in the software company which designed the system decided to take his own revenge on the IRS and hid his own little time bomb inside the software. Or a computer hacker managed to break into the system and do that damage.

The damage that can be done by someone who really knows computers is so tremendous that I strongly recommend to any secret freedom fighter with that kind of talent to restrict his actions to that single specialty.

Communication nets, including national security nets, increasingly depend on computers to function. The computers sort incoming traffic according to precedence, code and decode messages, and handle the details of transmission. A secret freedom fighter who managed to get a job in a military headquarters communication system and who knew the ins and outs of programming could load in a bug set to go off at some future date.

All defense and national-security communications systems use a system of precedences that determine the order in which messages are sorted, "Urgent, Most Urgent, and Immediate," or some similar classification. The bug could be set to go off at a time when there was a sudden increase in the highest level of precedence. Right at the time the headquarters needs its communication system the most, it suddenly stops working.

The real mole the Russians have to worry about is the would-be programmer who keeps his loyalties a secret and never lets anybody know he's working for the other side. If such a rogue programmer ever got into the office that designs programs for missile computer systems, he could slip in program bugs that would do nothing as long as the missiles were being launched in a test mode, but would activate when an attack was ordered.

The programs could then do any of a number of things, depending on the mentality of the programming secret freedom fighter. They could blow the missiles up before they left the silos, make them fall straight back to earth, head them all for the same spot of open ocean, or simply abort all takeoff instructions and then destroy all the data in the onboard computers.

## TRADITIONAL KINDS OF SABOTAGE CAN BE FUN TOO.

The dedicated secret freedom fighter will eventually advance into more complicated sabotage operations that come closer to those normally associated with organized insurgent groups, which is why I suggest you learn about water, electric, communications, and sewage lines servicing government installations.

In this country such lines are usually vulnerable. As a new totalitarian government will be using those same installations, secret freedom fighters who have the know-how should consider them prime targets of attack. Power lines can be cut, water mains broken, transformers shorted out, and drainage lines clogged.

Whenever possible, try to make such sabotage look like an accident. The less investigation there is, the more chance you'll get of giving a repeat performance in another part of town.

For example, use a dead pigeon or crow to short out a transformer. Steal a car, preferably one belonging to someone in a target group, and run it into a telephone or electric pole had enough to knock the pole down. (Don't be in the car when it hits the pole. You don't want to get electrocuted by falling wires.) The police investigating the incident will think somebody stole the car, then accidentally rammed the pole.

Any time you use a stolen car for sabotage you can make things even more interesting by leaving carefully prepared but fake-plans in a glove compartment for an insurgent attack on a local military base, a bank robbery, or any other credible plan of an attack you would want to make if there were a dozen of you instead of just one.

Another kind of document that can be left at such a scene for the investigators to find would be a personal letter that implicates target figures in black-market activities or antigovernment movements. It doesn't have to be anything more than an un-addressed and unsigned letter that says something like "1 appreciate very much your assistance in arranging the new identity cards for the eleven members of my group. This will ensure the success of our next operation. I have ordered payment to be made through the usual channels."

Government warehouse and storage depots also make excellent targets for sabotage. While the places where weapons, ammunition, and other critical items are kept will be so well guarded that any kind of attack may be too risky, every government needs paper, uniforms, furniture, office supplies, and similar items that may be stored in places less well guarded. Often, such supply depots are especially vulnerable to small Molotov cocktails thrown over walls or through windows.

Radio and TV stations specializing in government propaganda are excellent targets for sabotage. Transmitter sites are frequently located at some distance from the studio, often in remote areas that make them vulnerable to sabotage attack from one individual.

Don't forget the rifle, especially one that has been silenced, as a weapon of sabotage. While there is little chance you can make rifle fire look like an accident, the extra distance allows you to inflict damage with less chance of capture, even if there is a guard on duty. Rifle fire can be directed at propane tanks, fuel drums, line transformers, machinery, tires, and electrical equipment.

In some geographical locations, such as mountainous areas where major highways wind up steep inclines, rifle fire can be used against moving vehicles, especially those carrying dangerous chemicals, fuel or propane, or ammunition.

Notice that I haven't suggested poisoning city water supplies, bombing commercial airplanes and buses, or blowing up dams and bridges. Unless there is a specific military objective to be gained by such an action and it can be done without hurting ordinary citizens, those are acts of terrorism. They hurt the innocent and the uninvolved. They give the government the perfect excuse to increase its power.

If you did your homework before you lost your freedom and you know how to make explosives at home, you're on your way to becoming a sabotage expert. With the right kind of expertise, you can take on trains, fuel depots, truck convoys, and transmission towers. Your problem will be finding targets you can get to where the explosion will only hurt the guilty.

As with all other aspects of secret freedom fighting, the emphasis must be on opportunity and creativity. Look around you and the areas where you live and work, and you will find the weaknesses.

A successful operation will sometimes be well-through out, planned in advance, and carefully executed. At other times, you will see a sudden opportunity and need to take advantage. Say, for example, a truckload of military supplies, uniforms, or medical goods breaks down while driving through the streets of your town late at night. You just happen to have a can of white camp-stove gas in your garage, and you rig a Molotov cocktail which destroys the whole shipment!

## THE PEN ISN'T AS MIGHTY AS THE SWORD, BUT IT CAN MAKE A DAMN NASTY WOUND.

Most of the actions suggested up to now require that a person be working in the right kind of job, or that he have a basic understanding of such specialized subjects as mechanics, explosives, firearms, dirty tricks, and sabotage techniques. Moreover, many of the proposed actions shouldn't be tried unless a person is in sound physical shape and has a bent of mind that will allow him to commit acts which are considered to be criminal in any free society.

The next series of suggestions requires only a reasonably active mind, a small-sized helping of guts, and a few materials found in any office or household.

Propaganda is a fancy and over-used word which means nothing more than spreading information that will help your cause. In a free society, spreading the word is easy, but in a take-over, freedom of speech is one of the first things to go. So the secret freedom fighter will have to use clandestine propaganda. That's not as complicated as it sounds. It just means you want to make sure nobody knows who's spreading the word.
Good propaganda should have three specific aims.

1. Educate your fellow citizens. Let them know that people are fighting to get freedom back. Encourage them to join the fight. Tell them what the oppressor government is doing, how bad the leaders are, what the weaknesses are, and what somebody can do to help win the fight.
2. Put the oppressors on notice. They have to know someone is fighting back, that people are out there planning to kill and injure them. You want to make them worry about whether or not they are going to live through the day. You want them to think that you represent legions, even if in actuality only a small resistance is fighting.
3. Tell the oppressors what they have to do to end the violence and anti-government opposition. You want to warn them that they had better start giving freedom back, or there is going to be even more trouble.

## GETTING THE STORY OUT

The easiest way to spread information is by word of mouth. That, however, has a lot of risks for the secret freedom fighter. Remember, you want to avoid drawing any government attention to yourself. Nevertheless, it is always worthwhile to have a few juicy stories and bits of gossip to pass on when others get talking about how unhappy they are with the regime in power.

A very effective method of spreading propaganda is by radio. Those secret freedom fighters who understand electronics and radio technology and who can get the necessary pieces of equipment should seriously think about starting a clandestine, one-man radio station. An even better technique, although much more dangerous and difficult, is to jump-wire into a government station, taking over the airwaves for a few moments to broadcast your own appeal for a return to freedom.

The safest way to do this is to have your message on a cheap tape recorder that cannot be traced back to you. Start out with a minute or two of silence at the beginning, and then a long repetitive message. You make the cut-in, turn on the tape, and get the hell out of there. The station engineers will think they have a breakdown when sudden silence hits the air. They will be adjusting the equipment, trying to find out what is wrong when your tape gets to the message. With any luck, they will have boosted the power. Your message will then blast out into the living rooms of people who were tuned into the station.

Another way of spreading the word is by telephone, especially if you have a particularly important piece of information concerning something the government has done or is about to do.

Say, for example, as a clerk working in a government office, you find out that five thousand people will be rounded up and sent to a labor camp to build base defenses for the occupying army. Make twenty, or better yet, fifty calls to random numbers. When somebody answers, say, "Don't talk, I have only fifteen seconds to read this message." Quickly blurt out the message and then hang up. The person on the other end is going to assume you got a wrong number and think he's got a piece of information he is not supposed to have. If he is an average human being, he is going to pass that information on to every person he knows as quickly as he can.

This can also work for spreading false stories. Tell the people you call that the currency is about to be demonetized, meat rations are to be cut in half in three days, all retirement payments are to be ended, horrible diseases have broken out in the next state, or any other reasonable lie that will get people excited and angry at the government.

While such a verbal campaign can be fun for some, most people will want to stick to the written word. Any person, acting alone, can write a one-page appeal for support against the government, make up some copies, and then secretly leave the copies lying around where they can be found and read by others. Don't worry about it falling into the wrong hands. You want the government to know somebody is fighting back. You just don't want them to know who.

In this day and age, starting a clandestine one-man freedom newspaper is easy. With the proliferation of small home computers, matrix printers, and personally owned copying machines, thousands of people around the country will already have all the materials they need to start publishing. An extra advantage is that ball and daisy wheel typewriters and printers are almost impossible to trace and identify, especially if the secret freedom publisher uses a special ball or wheel which is kept well hidden when not in use. Real survivalists will want to include that item in things they buy to hide.

Did you know that in Russia, copying machines can only be found in government offices, and even there they are kept under lock and key? Free access to information is tyranny's most feared enemy. Our privately owned information machines in this country represent such a threat to any potential takeover of our freedom that a totalitarian government will certainly try to confiscate home computers at the same time they are collecting personally owned firearms.

That, frankly, is one of the reasons why I would hesitate to join up with one of the computer information services that are advertised. To do so goes on record that you own a computer, and that record might later be used to take your computer away from you. That is also a good argument against registering your computer with the manufacturer, even if that means you don't get to take advantage of the guarantee.

If you have the secret freedom fighter mentality, you are not going to give up your guns-if you can help it. Don't give up your computer and the printer, either.

Even if a secret freedom fighter has nothing more than a yellow pad and a marking pen, he can put out a few copies of his own efforts at becoming the new Tom Paine of the Second American Revolution. By writing in block letters and using a straight edge as a guide, you can produce a document which no expert could ever positively identify through handwriting analysis. Don't forget to make sure you don't leave any fingerprints on anything you distribute. This is one place the rubber gloves I suggest you put in a secret stash can come in handy.

The real problem is not going to be in the writing and copying of the freedom-fighter propaganda, it's going to be in the distribution. You are not going to get caught while you are running the ditto machine. They will catch you while you are handing out the papers.

Here are a few suggestions to minimize the chance of capture:

1. Never carry more than two or three copies of your freedom paper at a time. That way, if you get stopped for a document check and they find your hand-outs, you can always claim that you just found them and were looking for a policeman to give them to.
2. Cut special pockets into your clothing to hide propaganda pieces. You might, for example, use fake shoulder pads on a suit coat as a hiding place.
3. Don't hand your propaganda to anyone, or let anyone see you drop one of your bulletins. You want to leave the literature lying about where people can find it, but you don't want anyone to know who did it.
4. Leave your documents on empty bus seats and park benches, lying on counters in post offices and other public buildings, and even in toilet booths. Throw copies into parked cars. Put copies into envelopes and leave them lying on the ground in public places. (Most people won't pick up a piece of paper, but they will pick up an envelope. If it is open, they will read what is inside.)
5. Use your product as a small poster, pasting copies to walls of buildings, fences, mail boxes, and elsewhere.

Don't worry about how few people may be reading your prose. Remember, there will be hundreds of other people out there doing the same thing. The amount of secret freedom propaganda being circulated will be one of the ways you can get some idea of how many others are fighting beside you.

## ADVERTISE SECRET FREEDOM FIGHTING.

Mention secret freedom fighting in your propaganda efforts. Write such sentences as:

1. "The day of the secret freedom fighter is here."
2. "Tyrants! Beware the SFF!"
3. "Ten thousand secret freedom fighters have moved into action across the country."
4. "Be a secret freedom fighter!"

While you don't want the government to know who you are, you do want them to know what you did, and why you did it. If you have carried out a successful operation, brag about it in your propaganda outfit.

In bragging about what you have done, don't give yourself away. Go over your material a dozen times, making sure there is nothing that could be used as a clue to find out who you are. When you distribute this kind of material, take extra care to make sure you are not captured with it on you. You may not even want to put it in writing. Instead, you can call a government office, or a newspaper, from a safe phone and announce what you did.

## IF YOU DON'T HAVE THE FACTS, LIE.

There are no rules in war, whether waged with sword or pen. The truth is always better, but if you don't have all the facts, make a few up. Everyone loves gossip and the best kind of gossip is a nasty story about somebody we don't like. Don't hesitate to invent mistresses, strange sexual practices, drunken parties, and sadistic behavior for any of the people in the target groups, especially those in the public eye.

Put in misleading information. Claim it was the underground organization or a political group you have never had anything to do with. Pump up the organized resistance every chance you get. Make the government think the opposition is bigger and more effective than it really is. Watch for opportunities to report the successes of the organized resistance.

For example, suppose you work in a government office as a janitor and you overhear several officials talking about how the rebels in the mountains just attacked and killed a platoon of the oppressor army. The government has censored the story in the controlling press. Put out your own announcement in order to let people know what's happened.

Take credit, or give it to the underground, even when it isn't deserved. If, for example, two drunk generals drive their Jeep off a cliff, claim responsibility for the fatal crash. If a military plane crashes on landing, tell your readers it wasn't an accident.

You want to make sure that propaganda that brags about what you and other freedom fighters are doing reaches the ears of the oppressors as well as your fellow citizens. One copy mailed from a letter drop to a government office or police headquarters is all you need.

Don't take credit for any event in which ordinary citizens are injured or killed. You want the civilians on the freedom fighters' side, not with the oppressors.

Do look for chances to lay responsibility on the government for accidents that kill civilians, blaming them either on incompetence or a conspiracy by government officials to increase their control.

A civilian airliner crashes and two of the one hundred people killed are representatives on the puppet citizens' council the tyrant set up. Invent a story of how the plane crash was deliberately done to kill those two men because they had demanded the withdrawal of all foreign troops from civilian areas.

## 7. Let's Get Lethal

No person who loves freedom wants to deny any other human being the same freedom. Taking a life is the ultimate denial of freedom.

Nevertheless, every human is entitled to his own self-defense. If self-defense is to be effective, it must include the possibility of inflicting lethal injury. The man who is not willing to kill for his own survival or freedom becomes the natural slave for all those who are willing to kill for any reason.

Fighting for your personal freedom is as much self-defense as protecting your life and your property. If you are not free, you are justified in inflicting death and injury on those who are keeping you from being free. While you can give them problems and divert their attention with dirty tricks, sabotage, and propaganda, it is highly unlikely that they will start giving freedom back until their own lives are threatened. When people face bleeding and dying, they start to seriously examine whether or not the game should be continued. This is especially true when they seem to be the only side at risk, when they can identify no one to attack and no one to strike back at.

If you really want your freedom back and you're willing to take the risks of secret freedom fighting, all of the suggestions made in the last chapter are things you can do to keep busy while you look for a target for lethal action.

In deciding to use lethal methods in support of your secret fight for freedom, you will be acting as a sniper: acting alone, picking your own targets, and making the decision as to whether the importance of the target justifies the risk taken.

Like the sniper, you will prefer that your targets be of the highest rank possible. But, also like the sniper, you will be limited to only those targets that come within your sights. If given the choice of two targets, you will pick the most important. But if one target is all that is available, you may opt to act, even if he is not as high up the command ladder as you hoped.

By inflicting injury and death, you hope to demoralize the enemy, interfere with his operations, and deny him the talent and labor of the target you've hit, just as the sniper does.

### KILLING THEM WILL BE THE MOST DANGEROUS THING YOU EVER DO.

Have no doubt, lethal action is dangerous.

The tyrants and the oppressors won't like serving as living targets. Nothing will be given higher priority than the identification and capture of anyone inflicting injury on a government official.

All the police forces in the world drop every other case to go after the cop-killer. That's exactly what is going to happen when the local authorities find out somebody is knocking off one of their own. They will be looking for you with all their resources. Moreover, a totalitarian government isn't going to be hampered with restrictions dealing with searching private property, tapping phones, holding suspects without charge, or civilized rules about police interrogation techniques.

Only the most dedicated secret freedom fighter should consider becoming a secret freedom assassin. You must not only recognize the risks, you must be prepared to pay the consequences. Cops have a saying, "If you can't do the time, don't do the crime." If you get caught planning or carrying out violent action against any of the target groups, you're not going to do time, you'll be executed.

They won't let you plead temporary insanity and cart you off to some mental institution. The Soviets put peaceful political dissidents in insane asylums; they shoot political assassins.

By the time the oppressors get around to doing that to you, you'll be glad to see it happen. Your bails will have been fried with electric wires, your mind scrambled with chemicals, and your body twisted and broken like a rat in a cage full of terriers. Worse yet, they are going to stretch out the torture by trying to find out who your contacts are, what rebel unit you are with, who your leader is, where you got your orders. You won't have any answers to those questions, but don't think they'll accept your insistence you have been working alone.

I am not saying all this to scare you out of trying. But I want to make sure you put personal security first, and operational success only second. Freedom fighting isn't worth a damn if you're not around to enjoy it. You don't want to die for freedom, you want to make people die for having taken your freedom away.

## YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH MURDER.

You will be using the same techniques that have served organized crime so well. First, you will have no emotional involvement with your victim. You will be picking targets based on the victim's position in the oppressor government and the opportunity you have to take action. You won't, though, personally know the target-at least not as a friend or acquaintance.

If the district political commissar has raped your daughter, don't make him your next target. The same goes for the general who fired you when you spilt coffee on his uniform, the tax collector who doubled your bill, or the sheriff who beat up your kids while confiscating your hunting rifles.

If you have those kinds of grudges, somebody else is going to know about it, and that makes you suspect number one when they start investigating a sudden death.

It is the system that made those abuses possible and you're at war with the system, so go after someone they can't tie you to. Maybe you'll be lucky and another secret freedom fighter will get the guy you hate while you have a watertight alibi.

Your second advantage is that nobody knows what you are doing. No matter how many resistance groups the security forces penetrate, no matter who they wring a confession out of, no matter how many quislings rat on their friends and neighbors, your name isn't going to get on the list of people they should be talking to.

That's right, isn't it? You haven't told anybody what you are doing, have you? If you have, you're not a secret freedom fighter. You're a mental case looking for execution.

Secrecy is not just important, it's everything. If you are one of those people who can't do anything without bragging about it, forget secret freedom fighting. Join a peaceful political protest group that talks about getting freedom back. That won't get it back, but it won't get you killed, either.

Don't trust anybody. Not your parents, your brother, your kids, not even your spouse.

## HAVE THE KNOW-HOW TO DO THE JOB.

How do you kill somebody? If you have to ask that question, stick to dirty tricks and propaganda. You'll be exceeding your limitations even thinking about an assassination. With all the martial arts experts, ex-military, street fighters, hunters, and outdoor sportsmen we have in this country, we don't want people who have no idea what they are doing tripping over themselves, getting caught or killed, and giving secret freedom fighting a bad name.

## PLAN FOR SUCCESS.

Your chances of escaping capture will be enhanced by careful planning, clever tactics, surprise, and good preparation. Every secret freedom fighter should develop his own plan of action and method of attack for each operation. Don't repeat your success, for to do so will set a pattern the security thugs can use against you.

Suppose, for example, that as an unwilling draftee in the new People's Red Army, a secret freedom fighter finds a rattlesnake on maneuvers. He catches it, puts it in a small cloth sack, and slips it into the company commander's bed. The company commander gets bitten, but not fatally. That's the last time that the secret freedom fighter should ever try that little trick, even if all the officers assume that the snake incident was an accident.

Your basic problem will be figuring out how to put yourself and your target in the same immediate area without anyone knowing you are there. The second problem is planning an escape route so that no one connects your presence in the area with the victim's injury or death. The third problem is making sure you leave no evidence at the scene or keep any evidence in your possession that can tie you to the operation.

## THE CAREFUL PLAN VERSUS THE SUDDEN OPPORTUNITY.

A secret freedom fighter may decide to go after a specific individual. He will usually have chosen such a target based both on the target's importance in the oppressor government and the likelihood of a successful hit. The target might be a mid-level officer, a particularly vicious policeman, or perhaps a ranking political official. The secret freedom fighter will carefully gather all the intelligence he can on the target's habits, schedules, and security protection. He will note at what points in his daily schedule the target is most vulnerable to attack, and then design a plan. However the hit is designed, an escape route is needed, along with several alternatives. Besides choosing weapons well in advance, the secret freedom fighter will probably preposition equipment prior to the attack. If he does it right, he expects a good chance of escape.

The second tactic isn't specifically planned beforehand, but it requires every bit as much preparation. It's hitting a target of opportunity. This tactic is based on a sudden decision forced by an unexpected circumstance. The target isn't picked in advance. The weapons used are whatever is available, and there is no pre-planned escape route.

This tactic may well be the only way you will ever get a chance at some of the higher-ups who usually hide behind walls and security details. Whoever he may be, you find him in an unprotected moment of weakness, and you decide there is an excellent chance of getting far enough away before the body is discovered and the alarm sounded.

Even the most protected officials have moments when they are vulnerable. In a half-dozen countries, I have watched provincial governors, members of a parliament, generals, and senators spend the day traveling with police escorts, armed guards, and advanced security details. Then the workday ends, the motorcade goes back to the hotel, and the officials change into casual civilian attire and walk alone out a side door of the hotel looking for a bit of private relaxation.

The people at the very top the presidents-for-life and the self-appointed field marshals-don't do that kind of thing. Those who serve just below the very top often do. Yet it is the second and third echelons who find security in their obscurity who do the real damage to freedom. They are the ones who draw up the plans, make the list of enemies, and pass on the orders.

These are the people who feel safe in the security of their own obscurity. Because they don't get their pictures in the paper and the public doesn't know their names, they can relax without fear of retaliation.

Don't pass up an opportunity just because a possible target is an Indian brave, not a chief. It's the braves who shoot all the arrows. The secret freedom fighter who goes to the trouble to learn to recognize the faces of the lower-ranking enemies of freedom can wreak havoc.

## PLANNING FOR THE UNPLANNED

A person who is willing to take spontaneous action against a target needs to do a lot of preparation before he gets the opportunity.

Let's say you are washing your hands in the men's room at the local airport when a government official walks in and enters a booth. It's early in the morning and the airport isn't crowded. You are the only other person in the wash room. It's a perfect chance to take out the man who just signed an order forcing the confiscation of five thousand family dwellings and the relocation of the owners in holding camps. Can you do it?

That's going to depend on a lot of things. Did you even recognize him? Are you carrying a weapon that can be used and then tossed away without fear it will be traced to you? Are you sufficiently proficient in the use of the weapon? Did you notice what kind of crowd was outside and how easy it will be to blend in? Did you make it a point of familiarizing yourself with the layout of every building you enter just in case such a chance presents itself?

The main problem in taking advantage of the sudden opportunity is that you're going to have to have a weapon on you.

Let's suppose you have a five-inch steel ice-pick blade hidden in your jacket. You have been carrying it there for months, along with the hard rubber ball in the jacket pocket and a fifty-cent piece in your pants.

Stick the blunt end of the ice pick into the rubber ball, which can be used as a handle. Hold the ball against the coin in the palm of your hand (just in case the blunt end is pushed back through the ball) and attack while the enemy is washing his hands.

Aim for the enemy's brain. The channel of attack is through the ear canal, eye, or the soft spot right where the back of the neck meets the skull. Make sure you stir after making a hard jab. You don't want to just puncture brain tissue, you want to mix it up.

If you can extract the ice-pick blade after the attack, drop it down the drain in one of the sinks. Toss the ball in the dirty towel trash can (if nobody knows you carry it), put the coin back in your pocket before you walk calmly through the rest-room door, and join the crowd outside.

The secret freedom fighter who decides he wants to be ready for any opportunity to hit back should consider carrying a weapon at all times. It will have to be a weapon that can be used effectively and can be hidden on one's person in a manner that will preclude detection. Taking advantage of a' sudden opportunity can be the safest and most effective way to hit a mid-level official involved in anti-freedom activities.

Even if you are picked up for questioning, you will have a legitimate reason for being in the area where the attack occurred, you will have had no previously direct contact with the individual, and there will be no witnesses to the act. You will have to act calm, appear to be cooperative, but provide no information except direct answers to questions. Very probably you won't even have to lie. They will be asking you if you saw anyone who may have made the attack.

## 8. Choose Your Weapons .

A secret freedom fighter should use the same imagination in the choice of weapons that he uses in identifying targets and developing plans for a hit. The following should only be taken as a list of possible suggestions for the type of objects that can be used, as well as the manner in which they can be utilized.

### THE RIFLE

A rifle with a scope remains the surest and safest weapon, especially if it is silenced. With people at the high end of the rank structure, a rifle may be the only way to get through the human security screen that always surrounds them.

When you are shooting through a security detail, you don't want to try to take the weapon away with you, so make sure it can't be traced to you.

You need to plan well, take advantage of the opportunities, and stay cool. Even then you will need a lot of luck, not at getting away, but at getting the clear shot it's worth the risk to take.

Here's a hypothetical assassination plan based on a real geographical situation.

The secret freedom fighter is working as a mid-level clerk in what was once a large commercial office building. He is employed by a state enterprise which runs the petroleum company that owned the building before both the company and the building were nationalized. About half the offices in the building that were once occupied by small private businesses are now vacant.

Across the street and about three hundred yards away, there is a large government compound which houses the office charged with the government of the local province. While one of the secret freedom fighter's fellow countrymen is the titular governor, everyone knows that the man who is really giving the orders is a tall, thin civilian sent out by the occupying power. The foreign boss is the one our secret freedom fighter wants to get. There is a large wall around the compound and access is carefully limited to those with proper identification. The foreign boss always arrives and leaves in a chauffeur-driven car that is obviously armored.

From his window by his desk, the secret freedom fighter notes that, about once a month, the government building has a fire drill at which point everyone evacuates the building and stands outside in the compound for five or ten minutes before going back in.

The secret freedom fighter breaks into one of the empty offices in his building on a side that overlooks the compound. He fixes the door so he can get in and out any time he wants. He hides a rifle, scope, and silencer that cannot be traced to him.

Two weeks later, he sees his chance. People start leaving the government building in what appears to be another fire drill. The secret freedom fighter takes a toilet break, but instead goes up to the vacant office. He takes the rifle out of the hiding place and locates his victim. He aims through the glass, sights on the target, and pulls the trigger.

He puts the gun back in the hiding place, leaves the empty office, and walks calmly back to his office. There he joins a crowd of fellow workers looking out the window, trying to figure out what is causing all the excitement across the street. His absence went unnoticed.

The security police investigate everyone working in the office from where the shot was fired. One policeman spends over thirty minutes talking to the secret freedom fighter. No one had noticed he was not in the room at the time the incident took place, and he is careful not to say anything that would give the investigator a hint he might know more than he is telling (which is nothing). The police find the rifle but decide someone from outside the building carried out the assassination. The secret freedom fighter waits a full year before he starts to plan his next operation.

You don't have to have a specific target to justify using a rifle. Combat snipers never know ahead of time exactly what kind of target they will be shooting at. They look for the opportunity.

A secret freedom fighter might find that members of a target group regularly congregate in an area which he can cover with a rifle, but still have a good chance of escaping after the attack.

Suppose for example, that officers in the Ministry of Justice challenge their colleagues in the tax-collection office to a game of soccer. The game is played at a local stadium, which was built at the base of a small hill. The secret freedom fighter hides his weapon on the ridge of the hill the day before the game.

Once the game starts, he uses binoculars to search through the crowd of players and spectators. He spots a police colonel whose picture recently appeared in the paper touting his role in the arrest of four members of the organized underground. The secret freedom fighter, who knows he is good at distance shooting, makes the shot from five hundred yards. It takes the security investigators twenty minutes to figure out where the shot that killed their boss came from. By that time, our hero is long gone.

Incidentally, in this kind of operation, don't get carried away with enthusiasm and try to knock off an additional half dozen or more victims. The purpose is to survive, not die a hero. Make one good shot and get the hell out of there. Remember, people who are potential targets for assassination often wear some type of body armor, especially when they go out in public. Always take that into consideration. If you are good enough and can get close enough to make sure of a hit, go for the head shot. Or pick a time and a place where the target is not likely to be wearing his armor.

If there is any possibility that the target is wearing some kind of armor under his clothes and the range is too great to try the head shot, give it up and wait for a different opportunity.

Or better yet, you might shoot his political assistant or staff assistant. That will scare the VIP and make it more difficult to recruit the brown noses the VIPs heed.

## BOMBS AND EXPLOSIVES

Bombs can be attached to cars. planted along a route, thrown through windows, wired to doors, and sent through the mail.

However, bombs have their disadvantages. They are dangerous to make, and they have a tendency to get the wrong person, including their creator. They can also take a lot of innocent or unimportant people along with them, something a secret freedom fighter must avoid. Sometimes they don't even hurt anyone; they make funny little noises and not big bangs.

That's what happened the one time somebody tried to get me with a bomb. It was a great example of how not to go about it. First he threw it at the window of my office, but missed. It went off outside. It wouldn't have made much difference, because he was fifteen minutes late. I had already gone home. The bomb's final insult to the creator was that the detonator cap went off, but not the three sticks of dynamite. He had used old stuff and the nitro had settled to the bottom of the sticks away from the cap. He didn't even break the window he missed. We didn't catch him though.

That's the advantage of the bomb: it's hard to catch the man who sets it. But it takes a clever and competent man to set it, and the secret freedom fighter who uses a bomb must understand both explosives and detonators. If you don't have that kind of knowledge, forget bombs and consider something else.

An increasingly popular way of delivering a bomb is through the mail. In fact, it has gotten so popular that many government offices take a great deal of care with the mail. It is examined, run through metal detectors, and X-rayed.

Even in friendly and democratic governments. officials are bomb-conscious these days.

Having worked for a while in an overseas office that was a potential primary target for letter bombs, I still always look twice at any piece of personal mail I receive, and my wife has strict instructions never to open a package that is addressed to me. If I don't recognize the return address, I take a third and a fourth look, and 1 have been known on occasion to send the thing to security for X-ray examination, just to make sure it's safe.

When I get a letter or a package from my mother or one of my kids, I open it right up without a second thought. That's where 1 am vulnerable. If you are going to target an individual for a letter or package bomb, find out who writes him. One way to do that is to get into his garbage can. All you need is a wrapper or envelope.

It doesn't have to be the garbage can behind his apartment. A maid in a hotel, an office worker, or even a stranger who is a secret freedom fighter might see him drop or throw away something that has the needed information on it.

Once you have that, spend some time learning to copy the handwriting of his wife, kid, friend, or mistress. You may not even have to do so since many people use typewriters these days. The handwriting doesn't have to be perfect, since most people get so excited with packages or mail from home that they open it as soon as possible.

Fix up your bomb, write his address and the return address from the sample piece of mail you have. and send it to him. It's better if you send it from the same city as the original piece of mail, but not necessary. (When was the last time you checked the postmark before opening up a letter from a friend or a loved one?) Government workers or draftees have an excellent opportunity for this kind of mission. They are on the other side of the X-ray machines and metal detectors. Better yet, they have access to both the internal mail system and the format that is used in interoffice mail.

Let's say you are one of 1,500 hundred clerical employees in the Ministry of Justice. There is one judge who deals viciously with those accused of publicly criticizing the new regime. Your job never gets you anywhere close to him. That doesn't prevent you from rigging a good-sized letter bomb in an envelope designed to look like it is holding a number of evidential documents. Of course, you use an official envelope.

Put the judge's name on the envelope and mark it as if it were coming from a deputy assistant minister who everybody knows is working closely with the judge on several cases. Mark the envelope "For Your Eyes Only," or whatever designation is used on mail within the organization to make sure the secretaries don't find out things they shouldn't know. Drop it in the interoffice mail system. The judge is dead and there are 1,500 suspects, starting with all those people in the deputy assistant's office.

If you can't figure out how to get a bomb into where they work, maybe you can make them come to you. Locate a vacant apartment, an abandoned factory, or even an old barn. Fix up several booby traps inside, and then call the internal security office and anonymously report the place is used by a cell of the underground.

Better yet, prepare fake plans of an underground attack on a government target and leave them to be found by government forces. In the plans, leave a few clues that will lead the investigation to the house or barn that you have rigged. Leave papers and similar evidence lying around inside the place. Your booby traps can be triggered when such evidence gets picked up.

Incidentally, this would probably be the only time that a secret freedom fighter might consider kidnapping a target rather than killing him outright. While one-man kidnap operations would be very difficult to carry out, they wouldn't be impossible, especially if a relatively low-level official were kidnapped.

The kidnap victim could then be left in the barn or old house with the bomb set to take both him and his rescuers out.

## DEADFALLS AND MANTRAPS

As with bombs and explosive devices, one must take care to avoid hurting the innocent person. However, if you know that the only people moving down a trail are troops on maneuvers, then you've got the perfect place to lay a mantrap.

Farming areas will also be the subject of a great deal of official attention as farms are collectivized, crops confiscated, and production quotas imposed. That means the officials are going to have to poke around in order to make sure that no one is hiding crops, stock, or farm machinery.

Don't lay traps on your own property. Look for a chance when the officials are inspecting the property of the man down the road.

Pay particular attention to roads leading into military bases or secret government installations. Oftentimes such roads will wander through forest or hills for some distances before the first guard post or gate is reached. Yet the only vehicles traveling those roads will be military or government vehicles carrying legitimate target groups.

The best weapon in such a situation would be a mine, preferably one that can be command-detonated. But if you don't have explosives, all is not lost. A stretch of road that is long enough for cars to pick up speed can be a gold mine for the secret freedom fighter.

If the traffic includes couriers on motorcycles, one can always use the old wire-at-the-neck-level-strung-between two-trees trick.

Wire isn't just good for motorcycles. Medium-heavy wire cable tied between two trees or electric poles can do a tremendous amount of damage to a sedan and the occupants if it is strung just high enough to hit at the windshield wiper level.

if there is a slow time during the night when there isn't much traffic, you can dig a trench across the road. It should be at least two feet wide and two feet deep, but it doesn't have to go all the way across the road. It just needs to cover two areas big enough to catch the two front wheels. The holes should then be covered with branches and dirt. The men riding in the car that hits the trench had better be wearing their seatbelts, or they will be wearing the front windshield as a new collar.

While traps and deadfalls work best in the countryside, there may be a chance or two to lay a trap in a city situation. Say, for example, that the duty officer at a command headquarters who handles the shift from four to midnight always drives back home along the same route. The secret freedom fighter notes that there is almost never any traffic along a residential street at that hour and the duty officer hits the same section within a five-minute period every night. The secret freedom fighter then sets the wire cable up just before the car comes in sight.

Don't forget such simple things as sharpened children's jacks spread across a street or highway used by target vehicles. Better yet, combine such a trap with an ambush. The flat tires stop the car and you then hit it with a Molotov cocktail or rifle attack.

Always be on the lookout for sudden opportunities like road construction. Say there is a spot on a rural road where a bridge is washed out and signs have been put up so that traffic can be detoured. A bus carrying foreign troops to a guard post travels the route every day at the same time. A secret freedom fighter can turn the sign so that it directs the bus into the danger area just before the bus is due to arrive. Again, be careful on this one; you only want to trap a vehicle carrying legitimate targets.

## CHEMICALS AND POISONS

Here we are talking about chemical and biological warfare (CBW). While CBW has a bad name these days, all we are talking about here is the use of poison. A proper knowledge of different poisons and biological agents can be a most effective tool in the hands of a secret freedom fighter.

The average freedom fighter is not going to be able to pick up a supply of mustard gas, curare, LSD, or any of the dozens of other poisons that writers of detective stories write about. You don't have to have such esoteric chemicals. The average household and backyard have so many different poisons lying around that anybody can wipe out whole battalions if he can figure out a way to get near the soup pot.

Some years ago, while living in a jungle outpost in Asia, I learned how effective a poison collected in the backyard can be. Over a two-year period, a maid working in the house of an American government official poisoned twenty-two different dinner guests, never more than one or two at a time, and always with a long interval between hits. The poison she used was oleander, a common shrub in both that country and the southwestern United States.

Fortunately, she wasn't out to kill anybody, just to make a few people miserable. The unlucky guests she singled out for her little treatment would get the full effect anywhere from two to twelve hours after they had eaten the salad or soup that got her special seasoning.

The drug produced violent vomiting and simultaneous diarrhea, and most of the victims lost anywhere from two to five days of work while they recovered. Two almost died. Fortunately, all her victims were young and in good health; otherwise, some of them might have died. If she had wanted to kill anyone, she could have used a double dose.

In the two years that woman was in operation, she inflicted major damage on the U.S. government effort in the area. The funny thing is, that wasn't what she was trying to do. She just didn't like the extra work that went with entertaining. She wanted to discourage people from accepting the invitations her boss kept handing out.

She did that all right. At the end of two years, everyone in the area was spending a great deal of time thinking up excuses for not going to dinner at the boss's house.

Yet, despite the fact that the American official's table had a reputation for sudden runs for the bathroom, no one ever suspected it was being done deliberately. This was despite the fact that well over half the victims had to seek medical treatment and several were hospitalized. Everyone, including the doctors, kept assuming it was a local equivalent of the Aztec Quick Step.

The woman was never caught and punished. The real cause of her handiwork was only discovered after she had lost her job for other reasons and had left the area. I found out what she had been doing when I was investigating another case. We would have never known what caused the sickness except that the cook had bragged to a couple of her friends-one more example of why total secrecy is imperative.

Imagine a waiter, cook, or bus boy carrying around a small amount of dried oleander or any other poisonous plant, waiting for the right target to come into the officer's club or restaurant where he worked. The only difference between him and the cook is that the secret freedom fighter wouldn't want to make them just sick. He would want to put enough juice in to kill the target.

That leads to the second difference: He won't repeat his first success. He will start thinking of something different to do the next time.

Any freedom fighter who has (or is likely to ever have) a chance at the food supply of the oppressors should learn everything he possibly can about potential poisons. That doesn't just mean people who work in those kinds of places. A guy delivering a message in a bar or at a cocktail party might get a chance to slip something into a drink or snack while waiting to see whether the general wanted to send a reply.

A poison attack can be launched against a large number of people at the same time. The operation can be as simple as a draftee on KP neglecting to rinse a heavily soaped cooking vessel before putting it on the shelf, or mixing in some liquid dish-washing soap with the cooking oil. (You won't kill anyone, just disable them for a couple of days.)

More complicated operations could include wiping out the entire central committee at the next banquet they throw. Such a mass attack will be investigated. Even then, if the poison is something common, like soap, a kitchen chemical, or local vegetable material, the investigation may conclude the incident was accidental.

The best poisons are ones that are close at hand but produce symptoms that mimic ordinary diseases. For example, there's that rat poison that causes blood to fail to coagulate. I had a dog get into that stuff one time while I was out of town. The vet couldn't figure out what was making her sick, and by the time I got back and suggested what it might be, it was too late. If I hadn't helped the vet out because I knew the poison was being used by a neighbor, he would have never figured out what killed that poor mutt.

Neither will the doctor when the major shows up at sick call. How's he going to know that the major's house was burgled by a man that took nothing, but sprinkled a bit of rat powder in the pitcher of orange juice he found in the refrigerator?

There are dozens of ordinary chemicals that can either be used alone or mixed with others into deadly combinations. No, I'm not going to tell you what they all are. I don't want this book to be a manual for frustrated teenagers who decide to take out Mom and Dad. People who will make serious freedom fighters will be people who get the education necessary to discover those little secrets themselves.

CBW isn't just putting poison in the food. Everybody knows what happens when you leave potato salad lying around on a hot day. So, do it on purpose. When the Viet Cong spread buffalo shit on punji stakes, they were using a form of CBW. So's the prostitute who knows she's got the clap and encourages the government guest she is entertaining.

Poisons cannot only be used by themselves, they can be used to make some of the weapons in the following category even more effective.

## SMALL ARMS

Small arms include all those items that you can carry on your person or in your pocket. The most effective small arm is a pistol, but carrying one presents risks if the authorities are stopping people and searching them on the streets, or if one has to pass through metal detectors.

Also, once we lose our freedoms, you can be sure that one of the first priorities will be the collection of every pistol held in private hands. If we're lucky, a lot of secret freedom fighters will have hidden unregistered guns and have them when the time comes. Because pistols can easily be hidden, they are preferable to rifles and can be used from in close (never more than a few feet away from the target). That means that you must be right there, and that makes escape more difficult. For that reason, a pistol, if at all possible, should be silenced.

However, even the unsilenced pistol is the first weapon of choice over other small arms, provided you can get it to the target and then get away. Professional hit men have been known to walk into a crowded restaurant, shoot a target in front of a dozen witnesses, and walk out, making sure that no one will recognize them as someone they know. That's why the Mob always brings professionals in from another town. (Remember, the professional assassin usually has somebody sitting in a car waiting with the motor running, a luxury the secret freedom fighter won't have.)

The most likely scenario for the pistol-packing secret freedom fighter is that he will follow a target into an apartment building, parking garage, or city park, pull the pistol, hit the target, and then vacate the area. He must be alone with the target so that no one can remember seeing him and the target in the same area. For lower-level targets (a major in an occupation army, for example, or the local newspaper censor) the secret freedom fighter might even break into the victim's house at night and shoot him while he sleeps.

If fear of search or discovery is one of the problems in getting a pistol to the area where a target can be hit, one can always consider the possibility of using a firearm that doesn't look like a pistol, such as a pen or a tube firearm. The so-called fountain pen pistols can be particularly useful if one has access to a government building where brief cases are opened and examined.

A good place for a possible hit in a government building would be a staircase. Often enclosed behind fire doors, the staircase is used occasionally by the physical-fitness nuts or the man who prefers to walk down one flight rather than take the elevator.

Say a secret freedom fighter discovers that his target takes a coffee break at the same time every day and pops down to the next floor to buy his Danish. The secret freedom fighter walks up the stairs and meets his target coming down. He checks first to make sure no one else is in the stairwell and then uses the pen gun to hit the target. He continues up at least two flights of stairs before walking out and returning to his own office. On the way he stops in a rest room, wraps the pen gun in some paper, and throws it in the trash.

If the dangers of getting caught with a pistol are too great or if one doesn't have a pistol, then other weapons must be used for dose-in attacks. It is even more important, however, that the attack be made in private.

It is possible, of course, to walk up to a stranger in a crowd and stab him with a knife or weapon, and then get away. That kind of public attack makes for good movie scenes and detective stories, but in actuality has too many risks. People don't always collapse and die with one stab wound. They scream, shout, flail about, and as likely or not, grab the person closest to them-most often, their attacker.

Small weapons should be picked for their concealability as well as their lethality. The hidden ice pick is one such weapon. Knives, letter openers, and even a lady's hat pit can cause fatal injury if properly placed.

However, as noted, a high percentage of puncture wounds are survived, especially if medical attention is at hand. For that reason, you need to add a bit of insurance to the weapon. Indians used poison arrows-why not the secret freedom fighter? Even if all you do is rub dog feces on the knife blade, you will probably introduce enough germs to give the victim some serious problems if he survives the initial stab wound. Nicotine compounds, insecticides, household chemicals, and pharmaceutical compounds are all substances that can be used to spice up the bite of a blade.

Don't forget strangulation. We all know what those string survival saws put in the handles of survival knives are really for, don't we? That's a weapon that can be hidden in a money belt, behind a tie, or even threaded through a shoe lace. Make sure you are big enough and tough enough to handle the target once you get the cord or wire around his neck.

Don't try this trick unless you are sure you have a bit of time and no one will hear you. Despite what you see in the movies, strangulation isn't a quick death unless you manage to break the neck on the first big jerk. Strangulation is an effective method if you catch a target alone in a park or garage. You don't want to try it in the bathroom of your local gin mill.

Don't forget all the weapons that can be left in plain sight without attracting attention. Who would suspect that a man with dirty fingernails dressed in a pair of white coveralls with a hammer hanging from a loop on his hip was a secret freedom fighter on his way to an operation with his weapon hanging there for all the world to see? It works even better if there's a major construction job underway and a lot of people are walking around in coveralls.

Once you're finished, it is easy to step into a bathroom, strip the coveralls off inside a booth, and shove both them and the hammer into the waste basket.

Look around the room you are in right now. If you can spot at least three potentially fatal weapons, you have the imagination necessary to become a secret freedom fighter.

I just took my own test. I found an electric lamp that could be tossed into a bathtub, a Phillips screwdriver that could be driven through the eye or the soft bones of the temple, a bronze letter opener that would make an excellent dagger, lots of electric cord that could be used to strangle a target, glass that can be broken and used as a knife, and a hard wooden chair that could be used as a club.

Any discussion of small arms has to at least mention hunting bows and the crossbow. Frankly, they are not weapons of choice. I'll take a firearm every time. The most important thing about crossbows, though, is that they are not registered like firearms; they can even be bought through the mail. If it ever happens here, there are going to be a lot of people who still have their bows who won't have access to a firearm.

My best advice to such people is to practice a lot before you try to shoot, and follow the advice on poisons. Make sure all your points have been smeared with whatever poison you can find to make them more effective.

Those who are using a crossbow or even a hunting longbow for attack purposes should probably limit their targets to lower level officials in the target group. You won't be able to get close enough to hit a VIP level with this kind of weapon and get away. The bow will work best when your target is alone. That gives him a chance to bleed to death without medical attention and you a chance to escape before someone starts looking for a man carrying a crossbow in his hand.

## ACCIDENTS

Anyone planning a lethal attack should always consider an arranged accident. The disadvantage of an accidental death is that it doesn't have the impact on the morale of the survivors that you get with a bit of open violence. Accidents, however, do serve other purposes of warfare, especially if the victim has unusual abilities, training, expertise, or management experience.

The obvious advantage of the accidental death is that it will not be investigated with the vigor of an open murder, so there is significantly less chance of capture. A disadvantage is that the person arranging the accident must have some access to the work place, property, and person of the intended target.

That doesn't have to be authorized access. For example, if you can successfully break into a target's quarters, you'll have all night to fix up the accident and get away.

Despite the disadvantages, there are a number of different situations in which a secret freedom fighter should seriously consider the possibility of arranging an accident for the target.

The first of these is when an occupying military force has taken civilian hostages and threatens to execute them should any harm come to their officers or troops. The execution of hostages is an insane form of government terrorism that has proved no more successful than other forms of terrorism. No single act by a government is more likely to drive large numbers of potential fighters into the hills to join the insurgents. If hostages are being held to ensure the good behavior of the population, the secret freedom fighter might want to consider the accident as the preferred form of attack.

A secret freedom fighter might opt for staging an accident when there is an enhanced security situation-and a greater likelihood that the subsequent investigation would focus on the attacker. Maybe another secret freedom fighter has been active and successful in your area. As a result, the police are taking everyone in for questioning they can get their hands on. You've even been held for a few hours, but not accused. You think things are safe enough for you to launch some kind of operation, but another violent death by unknown hands could result in increased difficulties for everybody. You figure out a way to arrange an accident.

Or perhaps you know the victim. While I said earlier that strangers should be your only target for violent attack, there may be times when you feel there is no choice but to move against someone with whom you have an association. This could make you a prime suspect if he is found with his throat slit.

Suppose the local political commissar has noted your less than-enthusiastic support and is paying a bit too much attention to your activities. You hear he's been talking to your neighbors and asking questions about how you spend your spare time. You're afraid he might order a thorough search of your apartment and your hiding places will be found.

Your surveillance of the target indicates that he lives with his family in a two-story house and that the wife and kids are out of town on vacation. You break into the house just before dawn, hide in the kid's bedroom, and you attack him with a two-by-four as he starts down the stairs in the morning. Leave the corpse lying at the bottom of the stairs, making it look like he tripped on the worn rug and killed himself in the fall.

You know that your next-door neighbor is spying for the secret police. Three people have already been arrested in your apartment building. Nobody else knows who the spy is, but you don't dare tell other people for fear of exposing your own freedom-fighting activities.

You meet the neighbor in the hall and invite him into your apartment for a drink, dropping broad hints that you have some information the rink would love to pass on to the men he reports to. The man doesn't suspect you are a secret freedom fighter and doesn't get suspicious at the heavy hand you use pouring the drinks. By the third round, he isn't watching when you slip sleeping powder into his drink.

Once he passes out, fish the keys to his apartment out of his pocket and carry him home, making sure no one sees him or knows that he was ever in your apartment. Undress him in his bedroom, fill his tub with hot water and put him in, turning on his hair dryer and dropping it in the water after him.

In the above situations, your own safety or the safety of others depends on your taking action, but you will be a primary suspect if the target is found murdered. That's why there has to be an accident.

Deliberate accidents fall into two categories, those arranged by sabotage where the attacker has no direct physical contact with the victim, and the direct attack where the scene is arranged to make it look like an accident after the target is already dead.

The sabotage attack, say fixing the brakes and steering on his car, is safer for the freedom fighter, but much less sure of success. Furthermore, there is always the chance that the wrong person will be victim of the accident. Therefore, if possible, the secret freedom fighter will always opt for the direct physical attack in which the target is hit, then arranged as though he died accidentally.

Nevertheless, if the only sensible choice is to set a trap in which the target will fall into an accident, the ideas are almost endless. The brakes and the steering mechanism aren't the only things that can be fixed on the victim's automobile. Gas lines can be rigged to break and then burn, or tires can be damaged so they will blow out at high speeds.

Even if the accident doesn't prove fatal, it may put the victim on his back long enough to help him forget whatever it was he was planning. Contrary to the usual detective story, automobile accidents are almost never investigated for possible sabotage. They are too common an occurrence. That fact alone may make the car the weapon of choice.

## SABOTAGE SCENARIOS

In the winter, deliberately clog the exhaust vent on a gas heater. If you have the chance, also adjust the jet so it burns with a yellow flame. With the windows closed, you can count on carbon monoxide; it happens all the time by accident.

Punch a hole in a natural gas line or open the valve on the stove after blowing out the pilot lights. Make sure there is an open flame somewhere else in the room. When the gas reaches the right combination with the air in the room, the flame sets it off. (Don't try this one if you live next door, the explosion may take more than just the victim's house.)

It's difficult to make arson look accidental, but it can be done. Throwing some inflammable material like a couple of old oily rags over a wire set to short out when a light is turned on is one way to go.

Rewire a kitchen or bedroom appliance that the target will use, preferably one with high amperage. If you can, do it in a basement, kitchen, or bathroom where the target may be standing in water when he flips the switch and gets the juice.

A trap can be rigged on stairs going into a basement; either a loosened rug or a few items piled in a strategic spot where they can be tripped over. Enhance the possibility of success by unscrewing the light bulb.

None of these methods are foolproof. And, like the bomb, they may get the wrong person. The difference is that the accident probably won't be investigated (unlike a bomb incident) and you therefore can stage another accident if your target survives the first assassination attempt.

With the direct assault designed to look like an accident, you can either kill the victim in an apparent accident, or kill him first and set it up like an accident afterward. For example, you can shove a man in front of a car or a subway train, run over him as he crosses the street, force his car off a mountain road, or catch him from behind on a downhill ski run and force him to ski into a tree. You can push the target over the cliff or into a river while he is walking in a park.

You can even use a rifle and make it look like an accident. It happens every hunting season. One of those city idiots gets buck fever and shoots some poor stranger that doesn't look anything like a deer. With all the great hunting available in this country, you can be sure that dictators and their cronies will be taking advantage of the sport. They will be the only ones allowed out into the forest with guns on their shoulders.

The rural dweller who still has his rifle can start hunting a new kind of game, taking only those shots that can be blamed on other members of the victim's hunting party. If you try this, shoot for the soft parts of the body where there is a good chance the slug will pass all the way through and get lost in the great outdoors. Hunting accidents with shotguns are even better, at least as far as ballistic science is concerned.

In the second method where you arrange the accident after the victim is dead, you could hit the target over the head and put him behind the wheel of a car which is pushed off a cliff. Someone is drowned in a bathtub and the body is then thrown into a lake to make it look accidental. The victim can be smothered with a pillow in his bed and then appear to have died drunk and smoking in bed.

Arranged accidents can also be used when attacking a sudden-opportunity target. While the impact on the other oppressors is not as great, chances of evasion and escape are markedly improved if the person who finds the body thinks the death was an accident. If a VIP is found in a public bathroom with a necktie wrapped around his throat or a neat hole drilled between his eyes, there will be an immediate search of the area. If, on the other hand, it looks like he slipped on a soapy spot on the floor and bashed his head on the tile sink, you've got a better chance to get away with murder, even if you meet his security guard coming in as you walk out the door.

By the time the police figure out the man in the bathroom was hit with a steel pipe, not the bathroom tile, you will be long gone. Once again, the beauty of secret freedom fighting is that you will not be on any lists that any policeman might draw up as possible suspects.

Accidents may not be the only thing that one might arrange after a target is already dead. There are other ways to disguise the reason for a violent attack in an effort to misdirect those making an investigation. The obvious example is when a secret freedom fighter takes the watch, rings, and money from the target's corpse, making it look like a mugging and a robbery rather than a political hit.

## LET'S PUT IT ALL TOGETHER

You've survived the nuclear attacks but foreign troops have moved in and taken away your freedoms. You know there are some people still fighting in the hills, but you can't find out how to join them. You decide to fight alone, doing as much damage as you can, hurting the bastards every chance you get. You've pulled a couple of successful operations, and you see some things that suggest other people have also joined the fight.

What's it getting you? Are you really having an impact? Is there any chance the risks you are taking might pay off? Let's take a look at it from the other side. Let's see how Colonel Ivanovitch is dealing with an enemy he doesn't even know he has, the secret freedom fighter.

## 9. Ivan's Terrible Day

Major General Gorbovsky started the day with a rush. He exploded out of bed, crossed the luxurious bedroom trailing behind him sheets and blankets, and burst through the bathroom door, hitting it so hard it bounced back against the wall, cracking the full-length mirror fastened on the door's front side.

The general cursed the wasteful extravagance of the parasitic original owner of the property who had not only built a bathroom large enough to house a whole family, but had also split it into two rooms, making it necessary to the general to stumble between the double wash sink and the massive bathtub and go through one more door before reaching the target of his rush.

The general didn't make it. He suffered an uncharacteristic moment of indecision, and thus lost the whole game. Simply put, the general couldn't decide whether he should throw up first, or drop his pajama trousers and sit down. While he was trying to make up his mind, he did both, simultaneously. For a few moments, he thought he was actually going to die, collapsing in his own feces and vomit. He rallied enough to drag himself back across the bathroom floor and crawled across the dark maroon rug toward the big square bathtub with its gold faucets. There he passed out. His orderly, who knew something was wrong when the general failed to appear at 7:10 sharp at the breakfast table, found him in the bathroom at 7:12.

The orderly made two phone calls. The first was to the division hospital, ordering an ambulance and insisting that the medical colonel in charge come along. Once the ambulance was there and the doctor had taken his place beside the unconscious general, the orderly called Colonel Ivanovitch, the general's executive officer and the man who was supposed to act in the general's absence.

Colonel Ivanovitch was already in his office at the Provisional Government Headquarters of the Third District of the People's Republic of the North American States when he got the call. He leaned back in the leather executive chair that had once belonged to the vice-president of the bank on Mission Drive that was now the headquarters.

"Has the doctor arrived yet?" he asked the orderly on the other end of the phone.

"He's with the general now."

"Have him call me, as soon as he's finished with his examination."

The colonel hung up with a curse. He hated having to be in charge temporarily. It was a no-win situation. He wouldn't get credit for anything he did right, but let something go wrong and he got the blame.

He swung the chair around, looking up at the map the workmen had just finished mounting on the wall. It covered the area that had once been the southern part of California and most of Arizona. The colonel grinned as he focused on the red circle that cut through Routes 1-5 and 1-15 just south of Escondido. The epicenter was marked right where the San Diego Naval base had been. That was one of two circles on the map of the Third District. The epicenter of the other was just outside Tucson where Marana Air base used to be.

"Damn! We were brilliant," the colonel thought. The stupid American leaders spent thirty years preparing to deal with a surprise missile attack coming at them across the North Pole. They were so busy working on their Star Wars weapons that they forgot what miniaturization made possible in bomb construction.

Once the Soviet leadership finally understood that war was inevitable, it had been child's play to smuggle in twenty-seven nuclear devices and simultaneously explode them near or in carefully selected strategic targets around the country. The genius of the plan was the bomb hidden in a hotel half way between the White House and the Capitol Building. The U.S. never retaliated because the man with his finger on the button was vaporized before he ever knew the war had started.

It was a formula for success that had worked for thousands of years. Destroy the head, and any society could be taken over with ease. So here they were, twenty-six months into the occupation of North America. Only nothing was going according to plan.

A half hour later, the phone on the desk rang. He picked it up and grunted, "Colonel Ivanovitch here."

"This is Doctor Antolei, I'm calling from the hospital. We've admitted General Gorbovsky." The colonel was instantly alert. "What's the diagnosis?" "It's hard to tell. It must be some kind of virus or bacteria. It's hit him pretty hard. I've never seen anything like it. I can't understand it. His orderly says he's eaten only in the officers' mess for the last week or two." "How long will he be out?"

"Several days, maybe a lot longer. I want to run some tests, see if we can figure out what it was, where he might have picked it up." "Can he talk?" the executive officer asked. "Only for a minute. Here, I'll put him on."

"Colonel?" the general's voice, sounding weaker than the colonel could ever remember, came over the line. "It's your show for a few days. I hate to be out of it right now. I think we're about to get a break on the urban resistance. The interrogation of that man they caught in the motor pool could open it all up." The general's gruff voice faded as he talked.

"Don't worry, sir," the exec assured his chief. "Once our boys get through wringing out his brains, we'll be rolling up the criminals he's been working with like a snow plow. General? General?"

Colonel Ivanovitch slammed the phone down, wondering at what point in his last remarks it had gone dead. "Damn the Americans," he thought. They always bragged about the superiority of their phone system. Obviously, it was nothing but capitalist propaganda.

Nothing seemed to work in this cursed country, especially the people. They ought to be thankful for the way the Red Army liberated them with a minimum of civilian casualties. Instead, it was a constant battle getting even minimum cooperation.

The colonel pushed himself off the chair and walked out of his office and down the hall to the general's office. If he had to take the responsibility for a few days, he might as well enjoy the extra luxury of the general's suite.

The sergeant sitting where a pretty blond executive secretary once guarded the sanctity of her capitalist boss jumped to his feet, snapping to attention as the colonel barged through the double glass doors into the suite that had belonged to the president of the now-defunct bank.

"I'll be in charge for a few days and using the general's office. Bring me his schedule," the colonel told the sergeant.

"Sir!" the sergeant shouted in his best military voice. "The weekly security meeting starts at 0900. The participants are already waiting in the conference room."

"Get me the general's briefing file on the meeting. Tell them to sit tight for about ten minutes while I bring myself up to date. And, get somebody working on fixing the damn phone system."

Exactly ten minutes later, Colonel Ivanovitch walked through the double oak doors leading into the conference room. A massive oaken table sat in the middle of the room, surrounded by twenty chairs that were more comfortable to sit on than what 99 percent of the people of Moscow had in their living rooms. The conference room had no windows, but was brilliantly lighted by a system that could be manipulated with a switch so that the room could be dimmed if anyone wanted to use the large movie screen hidden behind solid wood curtains at one end of the room.

Eight men and one woman were sitting around the table. Three people were dressed in civilian clothes. Two of them, a man and the woman, were Americans. Long-time members of the Communist party with activist histories since the anti Vietnam war protests of their college days, they had been as much surprised by the Russian attack and subsequent takeover as their fellow citizens.

Even so, they had been only too happy to cash in on their lifetime of dedication to the socialist revolution and accept positions of major responsibility on the Peoples' Council that the Russian military government had established. Their socialist principles didn't prevent them from accepting the fancy quarters, extra ration stamps, and the use of official vehicles that went with their positions on the council.

Neither ever said much in the security meetings, and Colonel Ivanovitch couldn't remember the man's name. The woman was Sharon White. In her mid thirties, she was a bit on the plump side with long, light-brown hair and horn rimmed glasses. Ivanovitch had never seen her with makeup on, even though her current position made her one of the few American women who could still afford it. Today she was wearing a beige business suit.

The third civilian was a Russian, the political commissar for the Third District. He was bald and in his middle fifties, with a pot that testified to the good life of the party elite. He was wearing the best suit he had ever owned, a dark blue mixture of wool and polyester that he had purchased off the rack of a newly socialized department store that still had stocks from the old days for those with the new American rubles. He sat on one of the two extra-large chairs at the head of the table.

Two of the military officers sitting at the table outranked Colonel Ivanovitch, but both were representatives of the operational forces stationed in the district. That meant that the colonel, as the acting head of the provisional government, could take the seat usually occupied by General Gorbovsky. He walked up and sat down beside the commissar in the second oversized executive chair. "Comrades, forgive the delay. Let's get started." "Comrades," said the political commissar, Alexander Tikhonov. "I suggest we dispense with the usual briefings and get down to the discussion of the problem we all know must be addressed."

Colonel Ivanovitch had expected Comrade Alexander to try to take advantage of the general's absence, but he was surprised the move came so quickly. "I don't think there is any reason for changing basic procedure just because the general isn't with us," the colonel said.

"I regret the general's absence as much as you do," Tikhonov argued. "But we can't use that as an excuse for putting off difficult decisions. We are almost a year behind in our schedule for political development. The Imperial Valley farms were supposed to have been collectivized this growing season, and the army is refusing to make available the troops necessary to enforce the order."

"Comrade," Colonel Ivanovitch answered, "we have agreed from the beginning that pacification would come first, then we move on to political development. There is no way we can make the troops available for your political and economic projects until we have rounded up and disposed of the insurgents in the mountains."

"I don't consider criminals and teenage delinquents insurgents," the commissar sneered. "Those teenagers have inflicted 2,733 casualties in the last four weeks," the colonel argued, checking his folder to get the exact number. "And the insurgents in the mountains are only a small part of our trouble."

The colonel had swung his chair around a bit so he was facing the commissar, but he really wasn't talking to him. He was talking to the other men around the table, all Red Army veterans of Afghanistan, Africa, Laos, and Vietnam. They knew what havoc civilian populations could cause if you pushed them too far.

"When you talk about more trouble, I assume you are referring to your mythical urban terrorist organization," the commissar taunted. "Comrade, the fact that we can't find the leaders to arrest doesn't mean they do not exist. How else to you explain these reports? There were 453 separate cases of sabotage, murder, and attacks on Soviet personnel in the last week. And you keep insisting there is no organization directing it, that there is no one coordinating such criminal activity."

"Colonel," the commissar sneered, "just who is supposed to be leading this secret terrorist society? We have arrested every possible individual that was capable of providing the kind of leadership such a reactionary group would require."

"Comrade, you've got 153,000 Americans in this district in your reeducation camps, but you obviously missed a few leaders someplace. Now if you let us get on with the business of ferreting them out. we might make some progress."

"You and the general have had almost two years already," Tikhonov said, refusing to give up the attack. "The Politburo isn't going to give you a whole lot more time. Sooner or later, you are going to have to start taking my advice on hostages."

"That's all we need," Ivanovitch groaned. "We round up several hundred ordinary citizens and start shooting them every time the underground attacks one of our men. On Lenin's Tomb, haven't you read the reports of how well that worked in Region Two?"

"The reports claim great success for that program. Terrorist murders of our men have come to a complete halt."

"That's what the reports say Comrade," the Colonel argued, "but look at the figures. They have twice as many troops in Region Two as we do here, even though there is half the population, and nobody has collectivized anything there yet. Shooting hostages didn't work for the Germans in Russia in the Great War, and we're fools if we think it will work here."

"Comrade Colonel," the political commissar argued, "I must protest your defeatist attitude. Scientific Marxism demonstrates very clearly that this society long ago reached the stage where it is ready for the socialist revolution. The masses should be in the streets supporting us. Instead the mismanagement and weakness of the army have put us in the current mess. The reactionaries, counterrevolutionaries, and criminals have to be weeded out. Their control of the masses has to be broken. The masses will only come over to us walking across the bodies of their oppressors."

"Comrade," the colonel argued back, "we have over twenty million of your masses living in this district and only 500,000 soldiers of the Red Army available to keep the peace. God help us if very many more of your precious masses decide to join the criminal revisionist element. For now, we have no choice but to try to keep them reasonably happy. It is going to take twenty years to achieve your political goals, not twenty months."

The commissar jumped to his feet, prepared for another one of his denunciations, which always ended in a demand that the issue be raised with Moscow.

Before he could start his tirade, the lights went out, plunging the conference room into total darkness.

There was a chorus of voices mixed with the sounds of tumbling chairs and grunts of pain as a couple of the officers close to the doors blundered about trying to get one opened to let some light in.

Colonel Sarkolen, the man in charge of intelligence on the civilian populations, managed to get that chore done, letting in enough light so they could all see to walk out into the hallway that was lined with windows on one side.

"What happened?" Commissar Tikhonov demanded. "Can't the Red Army even keep the lights on?"

Colonel Ivanovitch ignored the commissar and turned towards Colonel Sarkolen, an old friend and one of the very few people he trusted. "Comrade Colonel," he said, "find out what happened."

Sarkolen disappeared on the run. Colonel Ivanovitch noted that the temperature was already starting to rise. How, he wondered, did any architect dare design a building with sealed windows? He couldn't believe the American electricity had ever been that dependable. Nowadays, it seemed the electricity went off at least once a day, making the entire headquarters command uninhabitable for hours at a time.

"Comrades," the colonel said, "1 suggest we adjourn for now. Let's meet again at the same time next week. Hopefully by then the general will be back on his feet."

Tikhonov looked ready to argue. But he was already starting to sweat, large droplets rolling down his forehead and along his cheeks. Ivanovitch knew the commissar suffered a terrible heat rash that would be irritated by wet, sweaty underwear, so he wasn't surprised to see the commissar drop the idea of protesting. Instead, Tikhonov murmured his farewells and headed for the stairs, knowing the walk down twelve flights was going to require an immediate return to his quarters and a bath.

The rest of the people filed past Colonel Ivanovitch and followed the commissar down the hall toward the door opening into the stairwell. As Comrade White passed the colonel, she turned her head a bit in his direction and gave him a wink, the first indication she had made during the meeting that she might be thinking about him as anything more than just another Russian officer.

After they were all gone, Colonel Ivanovitch walked back to the general's office, loosening his tie and collar. He was sitting behind the desk, his jacket off, when Colonel Sarkolen walked in. The intelligence officer, who was missing both his coat and his tie, was soaked with sweat. The steady pace of his breath after having run up several flights of stairs testified to his excellent condition.

"If we keep losing the electricity, we're going to have to move the radio room from the third floor up to this one," he said as he plopped down in one of the chairs in front of the large desk.

"If we can't keep the electricity on, we're going to have to find a new headquarters building. You find out what happened to the phone and the lights?"

"We still don't have an answer on the phone. That problem is outside the building, and we may have to depend on the radio system for the rest of the day. As for the lights, the transformer in the basement blew out. Somebody jump wired a safety fuse switch. It looks like it was done deliberately to cause trouble the first time we had an overload."

"You mean more sabotage. Any idea who it might have been?" "I've got some boys working on it. Frankly, there is not much chance we'll catch the criminal. It may have been done weeks, or even months ago. This is the hottest day we've had this year, so the air conditioner probably caused the overload."

"This is likely to go on forever if we don't get a line on the urban revisionist terrorist group," Colonel Ivanovitch muttered. "We have to get into the underground apparatus. Any luck with your prisoner?"

"We have our best people working on him," the intelligence officer responded. "He started to break last night. They will be typing up a report right now. I told them to send it over as soon as it's finished."

"The sooner I see that, the sooner we can get working on the problem."

"Why don't we drive out to Pendleton and get the report?" Colonel Sarkolen suggested. "Then, if we have any questions, we can ask the chief interrogator. Anyway, it's going to take hours to find a new transformer and get it installed. You don't want to stay inside this oven."

Colonel Ivanovitch agreed. He grabbed his jacket and tie and called to the sergeant outside the office, asking him to use the small radio Sarkolen had just put on his desk to order a motorcade to take the two colonels out to what had once been a training camp for the hated imperialist Marine Corps. Now it was a major holding center for many of the same Marines, along with the most dangerous of the political prisoners from the area.

By the time the two men had walked down the twelve flights of stairs, the motorcade was assembled and ready. Both colonels got into the back seat of a blue Lincoln that had been confiscated from the same bank owner whose building they were using. An armored personnel carrier and two half-ton trucks filled with Russian soldiers were sitting in line beside the curb waiting to provide security on the ride out to Pendleton. The truck beds were open with two benches down the center, back to back to each other. The security guards sat facing out. Each soldier held an AK-47 at the ready.

The corporal assigned as a driver had been running the engine with the air conditioning on high, and both men settled back into the cool comfort of the Lincoln.

Neither said anything as the motorcade pulled away from the front of the building and started down the street towards the Valley Freeway.

Traffic was no problem. While most Americans still had possession of their cars, gasoline and diesel were tightly rationed, with only those who had established political reliability qualifying for ration cards.

As usual, there were a number of Americans standing or walking along the sides of the road, working at their jobs as mail deliverers, garbage men, or construction workers. Most would stop and stare for a moment as the Lincoln and the motorcade drove by.

"The masses don't like us any more today, than they did yesterday," Colonel Sarkolen said to the ranking officer on his right. "I keep telling myself it's worse here, close to the destruction zone, than it is in the rest of the district. A lot of these people must have had friends and relatives in the target area. No wonder they're surly."

"That's what happens when decisions get made in Moscow," Ivanovitch remarked. "Our great socialist theorists were convinced we should establish the headquarters as close as possible to the target zone to demonstrate how safe it was to live and work here."

Colonel Ivanovitch turned back toward the intelligence officer sitting beside him. "I doubt that it's better any place else," he said, picking back up the conversation. "A few people cooperate with us when they have to. Most hate us with a passion. Those who can are in the hills fighting us, or they're working in one of the urban terrorist groups. Those who can't grumble and growl, and refuse to cooperate whenever they think they can get away with it."

The conversation lagged again as both men enjoyed the luxury of the air-conditioned car. They were three-quarters of the way between Escondido and 1-5 when things went wrong. The driver was so engrossed in his thoughts he didn't notice the little red light go on for a couple of miles.

When he did, it was too late. Before he could slow down and pull off to the side, steam burst out from under the hood, partially blinding him. Next, the noise started, a squealing, grating sound of metal grinding metal. Suddenly the noise and the car both stopped and the car jerked to a frozen halt, throwing both colonels against the front seat. Immediately, they were popped against the back seat as the truck following behind rear-ended them.

Colonel Ivanovitch knew enough about machinery to figure out what was wrong as he pulled himself out of the wreckage. He stood beside the car, checking himself for injuries, and rubbing the back of his neck, hoping the pain didn't mean a serious whip lash. He noted that Sarkolen had gotten out the other side and seemed to be okay.

Four of the soldiers in the truck that hit them from behind had been thrown out of the back. The way two of them were lying on the ground suggested they had been badly injured. The other soldiers, all combat veterans, had spread out around the vehicles, their weapons pointing out, forming a defense perimeter. Each held his position, nervously watching the surrounding hills for the casual sniper.

"We've lost the oil," Ivanovitch moaned as he surveyed the damage. "We lost the oil and the engine froze up."

The corporal who had been driving the colonels was standing beside the car, staring at it, realizing the part his own inattention had played in the disaster and the likely result for his already unsuccessful military career. Acting more from a desire to get out of the colonels' line of sight than any hope of fixing the problem, he dropped to his knees and then his belly as he scooted under the car.

Forty-five seconds later, he was backing out, the pain on his face even more pronounced.

"Well, corporal, what did you find?" Colonel Sarkolen asked.

"Sir," the corporal said, jumping to his feet and coming to attention, "the plug on the oil pan has come off. All the oil ran out."

Colonel Ivanovitch exploded and began to yell, first at the corporal, then moving to Colonel Sarkolen, and then finally to the captain in charge of the motorcade detail.

"Captain!" he shouted, "I want this investigated. I want the files on maintenance, and I want the name of the mechanic who was supposed to have tightened that damn plug."

Using the radio in the armored vehicle, the captain called to have someone come out and tow the Lincoln off the highway before somebody else ran into it. Given the large number of luxury cars that had been seized when their owners were hauled off to reeducation centers, the colonel knew that the Lincoln, once moved out of the traffic lane, would be left sitting beside the highway, a rusting monument to how things kept going wrong in this accursed country.

The truck could still run, and after a bit of debate, it was decided that they'd all proceed to Pendleton rather than risk waiting in the open for an ambulance and a new vehicle for the colonels. The injured men were picked up and carefully laid on the floor of the truck bed. The two colonels crammed into the hot armored personnel carrier, and the motorcade continued on its way.

Thirty minutes later, they drove through the gates of Camp Pendleton. The KGB lieutenant colonel responsible for the facility was standing in front of the building, waiting for them.

"Comrade Aliyev," Colonel Ivanovitch said as he climbed out of the armored vehicle, leaving the arrangements for the injured men to their captain. "I hope you have some good news for us. Did the prisoner break?"

Edward Aliyev didn't look like the kind of man you would find running a modern torture chamber. His KGB status allowed him to dress in civilian attire, and he had affected the southern California style. He wasn't a sadist, at least in the physical sense. He thought pain as an interrogation tool was primitive and unproductive. But he knew more about drugs that work on the mind than any psychiatrist, hampered by professional ethics, could ever know.

"Of course we have good news," he said, as he led the two men in uniform into the square, cement building. "He has made a complete confession."

"I hope you mean a real confession," Colonel Ivanovitch snorted, "not one of those fairy tales you drill into people destined for public trial. We want information, not a publicity event."

"Comrade, Colonel Sarkolen's instructions were very clear. The confession is the truth as the prisoner remembers it. He's confessed to everything he ever did, even playing nasty games with a neighbor girl when he was five years old."

"Excellent," Colonel Ivanovitch grinned, "Now maybe we can get a line on who these urban terrorists are. Where's the transcript?"

The three men entered the windowless building. They crossed an entryway and stopped in front of a solid metal door guarded by a large, beefy man wearing a KGB enlisted man's uniform. He was sitting behind a U.S. GI issue desk. Aliyev handed the man, who knew the KGB lieutenant colonel as well as he knew the face of his own father, an identification card which the guard looked over carefully. The guard next asked for identification from each of the colonels and copied the information onto a form in front of him. That done, he passed the visitors' form to Aliyev to sign.

The security chores completed, the guard talked into a speaker beside his desk, and a buzzer sounded that allowed the three men to walk through the door. They passed into an enclosed corridor that was about five yards long with another door at the end. This one had a small square window. Aliyev held his ID up to the window for the guard on the other side to examine. A buzzer sounded again, and the three men pushed through the door.

Standing in the office of Lieutenant Colonel Aliyev, Colonel Ivanovitch noted that it was one of the neatest offices he had ever been in. There was a metal desk with some kind of non-metal top that the American military seemed to have ordered by the case lots. An austere, metal chair with cloth padding on the seat and arms sat behind the desk. Two straight-back metal chairs with no arms but the same cloth padding on the seats were positioned in front of the desk. The walls on three sides of the office were lined with file-cabinet safes, all shut and locked. The only pieces of paper visible in the room were two separate files carefully stacked and clipped together, lying side by side on the desk in the center.

"Comrades, I made a copy for each of you. Please be seated," Aliyev said as he picked up the documents and handed a copy to each of the colonels.

The first two pages gave a brief history of the prisoner and the events leading up to his capture. He had been working as a chauffeur, running errands, and driving for lower ranked individuals (such as secretaries and couriers). He had previously worked in the bank building as a maintenance supervisor, a job now held by one of the Russian civilians who worked under Red Army direction.

While the KGB continually checked on all Americans who held jobs with the provisional government, there had been no indication the prisoner had been an anti-Soviet activist until the day he was caught trying to rig a small explosive device on General Gorbovsky's personal vehicle.

The rest of the thick report was a condensed and edited version of the confession the prisoner had made under interrogation.

"He's been a busy little boy," Sarkolen remarked as he reached the fourth page of the confession. "We just solved the case of the sabotage of our electrical system. He's admitted he rigged the wiring so it bypassed the fuse box.

"Very impressive, comrade"-the colonel looked over at Aliyev-"you got him to confess to a crime you didn't yet know had been committed."

"Not just one," Ivanovitch added. "According to this, he's left other little time bombs lying around. You had better get the pertinent parts of this to the maintenance people. We're lucky the gas line he says he weakened hasn't already burst. It could have blown up the whole building."

"Damn! It gets worse as it goes along," Sarkolen gasped. "Those two sergeants in communications that we thought killed each other in a drunken brawl two months ago, this son of a bitch did it. He found them both passed out drunk with their arms around each other. He murdered them with their own knives and fixed it up to make it look like they'd had a fight."

"Look at the last item. He's responsible for my car. He was in the motor pool getting the vehicle he drove serviced and he saw the Lincoln on the rack. They had just given it an oil change. He's confessed to grabbing a wrench and backing the oil plug off a couple of turns while nobody was looking."

Colonel Ivanovitch, having read through the document once, went back and started over, this time going more slowly. Finished, he turned and looked at the KGB man sitting behind his desk, a look on his face like that of a teenage student anxiously hoping for a bit of praise for a paper presented to a demanding teacher.

"Comrade," the colonel growled at Aliyev. "Where's the rest of it?"

Aliyev moved forward in his seat, his face twisting into a question. "What do you mean, 'the rest of it'?" he nervously asked.

"Come on, Comrade," Ivanovitch roared, "you have a list here of casual acts of treachery, murder, theft, and illegal propaganda, but that's all. This bastard may have been a one-man demolition team, but I want to know who his contacts are, who was giving him orders, who he was passing information to. Who supplied the explosive we caught him with? That's what you were supposed to be getting, not this stuff."

Aliyev jumped to his feet, a line of sweat breaking out on his upper-lip. Ivanovitch could tell by the way he was nervously rocking back and forth on his feet that he had been expecting the question but hoping it wouldn't come.

"He didn't have any contacts." Aliyev made the sentence a plea more than a statement. "He was working alone, on his own. We're sure of it. We would have gotten it out of him if he was part of the criminal organization."

"Don't give me that! Everything he has confessed to was directly supporting those teenage hoodlums in the mountains," Sarkolen joined in, having no doubt which side of this argument he wanted to be on. "He's confessed to printing and distributing leaflets reporting that ambush last month that wiped out one of our squads. We didn't let that news out to anyone. He had to have contacts in the underground to get that kind of information."

"Colonel Sarkolen, read that part of the confession again, please." Aliyev moved forward a bit, reaching over to point to the paragraph above the one the intelligence chief had been looking at. "He learned about that when he overheard a conversation between a couple of the couriers. Apparently, he went to a lot of trouble to learn some Russian without ever telling us about it."

"All the more proof that he was working with an organization, spying on us," Colonel Ivanovitch argued. "What about the explosives? Where did he get that bomb?"

"He made it himself," Aliyev replied. "It was a primitive device, the kind that could be made with one of those chemical sets these stupid Americans used to give their children to play with. Believe me, Comrade Colonel, he didn't have any connections with an underground organization."

"Comrade," Colonel Ivanovitch shouted, "You can't convince me that anyone who did that much damage to us was working alone."

"That's the strangest part," Aliyev shook his head. "He didn't claim he was working alone. Once we got him talking, he bragged he wasn't, that there were a lot more like him. Only he doesn't know who they are. He doesn't have any contacts. Nobody was giving him orders. He had no idea what anybody else was doing, except when he saw the results of their actions against us."

"Comrade Aliyev," Ivanovitch exploded, "you've got to be the biggest idiot the KGB ever let out of the Kremlin. Next you'll be telling me there is no underground, that we are dealing with hundreds of crazy individuals, all of them unguided missiles. That's not the way the masses behave. They have to have leaders, direction, guidance. Without an organization they are nothing. There has to be an organization, and this prisoner's the first chance we have to start unraveling it."

"We used only tested techniques. There is nothing that man knows that he didn't tell us."

"Is there any chance the underground is using hypnosis or blocking drugs, something designed to defeat our interrogation methods?" Colonel Sarkolen asked. "Not unless the Americans developed something new, something we don't know about," the KGB man answered.

"That must be it," Colonel Ivanovitch muttered. "If it's drugs, they'll eventually wear off; if it's hypnosis, there has to be a way to break through. You've only been at it a couple of days, Comrade Aliyev. I want you to go back and start over. I want you and your men working night and day until you get the knots in his mind untied."

Aliyev's pasty face turned an even lighter shade of white. He looked like he was in acute physical pain for a moment. He rallied a bit, tried to say something, managed to stutter a couple of unintelligent phrases, then turned and dropped back into the chair behind the desk.

"What's the matter, Comrade?" Colonel Ivanovitch asked. "Are you having a heart attack, or are you just trying to tell me something I don't want to hear?"

When it came, it came with a rush. "We can't start over. The prisoner is dead."

Neither Ivanovitch nor Sarkolen said anything. They just stood staring at the KGB man.

"I didn't want to believe his story either," Aliyev explained. "We kept pushing, trying to get more, upping the drug dosages. We didn't know he had some kind of heart condition."

"The best lead we've had, and you killed him," Ivanovitch groaned.

"Comrade," he said, turning to Sarkolen, "let's get the hell out of here. I have to get back to headquarters and start thinking up ways to tell the general about this."

Outside the interrogation building, both men plunged back into the heat of the Southern California late spring, each silently cursing the day he had left the banks of the Volga. The captain in charge of the motorcade had found a car for the two colonels to ride back in.

The motorcade moved down the boulevard, passing between two long lines of double barbed-wire fence. On each side, American military prisoners stared out through the wire.

"All our problems are supposed to be locked up behind that barbed wire," Colonel Ivanovitch told the officer sitting beside him. "So much for grand theories of conquest and pacification. I wish we were fighting those men behind the barbed wire instead of the civilian population. At least they'd play by the rules."

"Do you think there is any chance Aliyev really did get the truth out of that prisoner?" Sarkolen asked.

"You mean maybe there isn't an underground organization, that we are dealing with hundreds of individual and uncoordinated acts, that there are no leaders to arrest, that the only way we will ever stop it is to arrest or kill them all?"

"What will we do if it is?"

"If that's what it is, there are only two things we can do: murder every American in the country before they murder us, or we can go home."

"My God, Ivan, we can't murder two hundred million people. We couldn't murder half that number."

"1 know, my friend, I know."

The electricity was still off in the headquarters building, so Colonel Ivanovitch had to climb up the twelve flights to his office. He took his time, resting a minute or two at each landing. Even so, he was soaked with sweat when he finally walked past the sergeant into the general's office suite. Fifteen minutes after he sat down, the phone on his desk rang.

"At least that's working again," he thought as he reached over and picked it up. "Hello," he said, "Ivanovitch here."

"Colonel, this is Doctor Antolei at the hospital, I've been trying to get hold of you for some time. The phones have been out of order."

"Next time use the radio," the colonel answered. "So far, our American friends haven't been able to mess with that system. So, how's the general?"

"Colonel, I am sorry to tell you the Comrade General didn't make it."

Ivanovitch sat up straight at his desk, not believing what he had just heard. "Didn't make it?"

"Colonel, we did everything we could. We can't figure it out. We will do an autopsy." "Absolutely. I want a full report. Is there any chance he was poisoned?"

"Who could have poisoned him?" the doctor asked. "You know he only eats in the officers' mess."

"Yes, but we have American waiters and busboys there, even if the cooks are Russian."

"Colonel, you were the one who assured me that all the American personnel had been cleared, that there was no chance any of them were connected with the criminal revisionist."

"Doctor, I suggest you launch an investigation anyway. Maybe there's a carrier of some disease. But find out what killed the general. Until you do, none of us will be able to enjoy a meal in the mess."

The rest of the day was pure hell. The colonel sat soaking in his own sweat while he sent messages off to Moscow and Baltimore informing those in charge of the death of General Gorbovsky. There were funeral arrangements to take care of, inquiries from the American Peoples Council to handle, and queries from a dozen different local government units, each with problems in handling the Americans under their direction.

The incident reports kept pouring in, a fire here, leaflets found there, a suspicious accident injuring Soviet personnel someplace else. The worst news was the message back from Moscow appointing the colonel acting civilian administrator until a replacement for the general could be sent out from the Central Soviet headquarters in Baltimore.

By 1800, the colonel was exhausted and could smell the sourness of his own sweat. He picked himself up off the chair, gathered the files on his desk, grabbed his jacket and tie, and walked out of the office. In the reception area, he handed the files to the sergeant and told him to dose up for the day. Then he headed for the stairs, hoping he wouldn't have to climb back up them in the morning.

In the garage, he found the sergeant had arranged a new car for him. The Colonel settled into the soft upholstery of the back seat and told the driver where to go. The driver grabbed the mike under the dashboard and gave the direction to the motorcade that would be assigned to the colonel for as long as he held the position of acting chief of government in the district.

Twenty minutes later, Sharon White was kissing him in the doorway of her apartment.

"You look like you've had a terrible day," she said, breaking the kiss. "You smell terrible, too. Why don't you take a shower while I fix you a drink." She led him into the spacious penthouse apartment, walked him across the soft lime green carpets, and headed him in the direction of the bathroom.

He was sitting on a dressing stool, toweling his feet, when she walked in and handed him a drink. He reached for the glass awkwardly, trying to keep his front covered with the towel. He still had problems with the casual way American women handled nudity. At least he supposed it was the American way. So far, Sharon was the only American girl he had gotten past a handshake.

"Some of the old owner's clothes are still in the closet in the guest room," she said. "They look about your size. Why don't you put them on so I can feed you before you get what you really want?"

She had changed before he had arrived into some kind of Mexican peasant blouse and a short, pleated skirt that whirled up as she spun to leave, showing a good bit of her too-heavy thighs.

Sharon was prettier than most who would have anything to do with a Russian officer. She was certainly better than the loneliness of his own quarters.

When he was finished dressing, he walked back through the apartment and found her on the large balcony, watching the coals in a barbecue grill.

"I used those extra ration stamps you gave me to buy a couple of nice steaks." She smiled up at him. "How do you like your meat?"

At first he didn't understand what she was asking. Then he remembered the strange American taste for half-cooked beef. "Well done, please."

He walked past her to the balcony rail. The apartment building was on the edge of the city. The view from the balcony looked out onto a hill a couple of hundred meters away and was covered with scrub brush and a few trees.

The colonel wondered if he should be standing there in such an exposed position. He turned around, thinking he would go back inside, leaving Sharon to cook the steaks alone. He decided the day had made him too jumpy. After all, he hadn't told anyone where he was spending the evening. If the resistance was going to try an attack on a Russian colonel, they would need more than the time it took to cook a steak to set it up.

Dennis Thompson was two hundred yards away and was watching the colonel. For a terrible moment, he thought he had been spotted. Now that the man had turned back around, Dennis fought the urge to drop everything and run. After all, he argued with himself, he had been waiting and planning for such an opportunity for two years.

Thompson's beer belly had shrunk to about half its size in that time, but he still felt uncomfortable lying on the lard. He was breathing hard and could feel his sweat.

He was on a plastic cloth on a hollow between two large boulders right on the crest of the hill. He had thrown another piece of green plastic over his back so he couldn't be spotted from above. There were several bushes between him and the apartment across the way so the clear line of sight to the target was only about six inches square. He had picked the spot more than four months ago, having carefully surveyed the area once he had decided how he was going to take advantage of the opportunity he had discovered.

Dennis had been watching the penthouse since the day he had learned who the female traitor was that had moved in after the original occupant had been arrested. He had taken two months to work out all the details of the plan. At first, she was going to be the target. Then he got thinking that a traitorous woman like that might invite some of her Russian friends around sometime. It had been a long wait, and there had been several lost opportunities, times when conditions weren't exactly right. Now, finally, it had all come together.

His own apartment building was down the hill a little ways from the place where she lived. Like a lot of other people, they had let him live in the same place he did before the occupation once they were satisfied he didn't represent a threat to them.

Convincing them he wasn't dangerous hadn't been all that hard. As he shifted his weight, trying to find a more comfortable position, he had to admit to himself that he didn't look very dangerous. Of course, he had lied a lot on the forms they kept asking everyone to fill out, but they had never caught him, even when he had lied on the one asking if he'd had any friends or relatives in the San Diego target zone. What right did they have to know that his wife and his son had gone with his sister and her kids on an outing to Sea Life Park that day?

They even let him keep his job at the department store after it had been nationalized and all the employees forced into taking half pay. He had done such a good job of playing along; he even had a gas ration card, although it only allotted him three gallons a month.

He had also lied when the new sheriff had come around asking about the guns he owned. He had given them the ones he had bought in Escondido in the twenty years he had lived there. He knew the sheriff had the gun shop records, so there was no use lying about those or the Winchester he had bought for his son on his fourteenth birthday. But he didn't tell them about the Remington 30-06 that his father had given him back in Iowa so many years ago. Instead, he had hidden it along with the two boxes of hollow points.

He had been watching the apartment house that evening from his front room, like he did every day after work, when the motorcade pulled up. He hadn't waited to see who it was. It was Russian and, with that kind of protection, it had to be important.

He had grabbed the weapon out of the hiding place in his kitchen, put it into the oversized briefcase he'd carefully picked out for exactly that purpose, and walked out the front door, still wearing his business suit. He was trying to act like a man going back to the office for a little bit of evening work, someone only too anxious to please his new commie bosses.

He finished assembling the rifle, fastened the Bushnell Scope on its mounting, and slipped one of the rounds into the chamber. As he sighted through the scope, adjusting the zoom to the right amplification for the distance, he reviewed his escape plan. He figured he would have five minutes from the time he pulled the trigger to get to the spot he had prepared several weeks ago and hide the briefcase and the weapon.

After that, the secret was to stay calm, play dumb, never run, and act as if he had no idea what all the fuss was about. He was counting on them looking for guerrillas running back into the hills, not a short, fat, and fifty sales manager out for an evening stroll. He figured he had a fifty-fifty chance of getting away with it, of living to find another target and doing it again.

Sharon had put the steak on the fire and was standing there waiting for it to cook a while before she added her own. The drink she had made him was an oversized double vodka on ice. He could feel it start to take hold, relaxing him, driving the tensions of the day out of his mind. She was, after all, a woman; and he had to admit that she was prettier and younger than the wife he had left back in Moscow. Nicer yet, Sharon had already demonstrated she was better in bed.

He hoped he could keep her off politics tonight. There were times when she got on her soap box about the great socialist revolution that he wondered why she hadn't taken up with Commissar Tikhonov instead of him. Tonight, all he wanted was tenderness and some good loving.

She still had her back to him. He crossed the three steps from the balcony rail and slipped his arms around her, hugging her from behind while his hands moved up to caress her breasts.

"You were right, you know," he whispered in her ear. "It was a terrible day, but it's over now." Thompson swore to himself. He had almost blown it. Just as he was squeezing down on the trigger, the target moved. If he had been a hair further, he would have fired and missed the shot. He took a couple of deep breaths and got the scope back on the target. He took in another breath, let half of it out, carefully put the cross hairs on the center of the man's back, and started to slowly squeeze the trigger. His mind was so totally concentrated on the target that he didn't notice that the new line of fire was giving him a two-for-one shot. Ivan's terrible day ended, suddenly and abruptly.

## 10. Victory Is only the Beginning

The primary purpose of secret freedom fighting is that you make the enemy more frightened and miserable than he is making you. Once he knows that people like you are out there, he will have to spend more and more of his time worrying about his own survival. He will see his friends and fellow workers dying and suffering beside him. His day becomes one long study in frustration as things stop working, files get lost, paychecks don't arrive, and life gets tougher as morale spirals down.

It won't be just the leaders who get frustrated; it will be every officer and employee of the totalitarian state who will be worrying about what might happen to him. The more of them who suffer and die, the more they will worry, the more they will have to subject themselves to complicated security measures, the less they will be able to enjoy family, friends, and life itself.

Every successful secret freedom fighter operation is going to produce another limitation in the enemy's life-style--one more thing he has to go through to get to work, one more hassle that makes the day less fun to live. The secret freedom fighter, on the other hand, is going to have the time to enjoy his life. He isn't going to spend every moment of the day planning or carrying out operations against the enemy.

The more time he commits to the chores of ordinary living, the better his chances of surviving and continuing his operations. He will work at his job, have friends, and enjoy the family.

Unlike the rebel in the hills who must be on constant guard against enemy attack, the secret freedom fighter has only a small window of vulnerability. He is only in real danger of discovery and capture while he is engaged in an operation against a target.

Once an operation is successfully completed, the secret freedom fighter blends back into the cover of the ordinary good citizens. He doesn't have to worry about a sudden surprise bombing of his position or the capture of a friend or compatriot who will holier his name under torture. He won't have to stand guard duty through the rain, force march for hours, or go days without a hot meal.

However, while the secret freedom fighter will have a life that the freedom fighter in the hills will disdain for its ease, comfort, and lack of danger, the secret freedom fighter may well be more effective in terms of the casualty-given-to-the casualty-taken ratio. Because the secret freedom fighter will never initiate an attack unless he is sure of inflicting at least one casualty on the enemy, he should at a minimum achieve a one to one ratio. Most will do far better than that, even if they space their operations six months or more apart.

Of course, killing just one of the enemy doesn't count for much, if that's all that happens. One man fighting the oppressor in secret won't make a damn bit of difference.

But the whole idea is that there will be a lot of other people out there doing the same thing. It's the combined effect that counts. If there are enough of you and each one of you does just one successful operation each month, the total effect on the enemy will be staggering.

That doesn't mean that everyone has to join the game. The actual percentages of people who need to start fighting in secret is surprisingly small.

Let's suppose the Russians really did succeed in occupying the United States without killing thirty million Americans in the process.

Suppose that just one out of every two thousand Americans decided they objected to the loss of freedom enough to take the risk of making one attack per year on an official in the occupying army. Suppose that only one half of those attacks were successful. That will still add up to fifty thousand dead Russians each year.

If one out of every two hundred American men have the guts to fight for freedom alone, in secret and from ambush, this country will never be anything but free.

Secret freedom fighting will work. It will work even better and faster if it is complemented by an armed and organized insurgency, public demonstrations, and peaceful political action.

No government can resist the people when the people make it clear that the tyrants' lives will be at forfeit unless they give back the freedom they stole.

People with power to command others worry about their security and safety. They also worry about the security of those who implement the orders. When bureaucrats start worrying about personal safety, they stop worrying about carrying out orders. The threat of attack forces a response which interrupts the business of government.

Unfortunately, the enemies of peace and free choice sometimes understand that better than we do.

### THE SWORD IS DOUBLE-EDGED; WHAT CUTS US CAN CUT THE ENEMIES OF FREEDOM.

When enough people start using the techniques described in this book, undemocratic government leaders and the officials who carry out their orders will find their days filled with frustrations, stress, and danger.

It is no fun having power if you can't enjoy it. Prestige, public honor, and the perks of office lose their sweet taste when a man worries whether or not he will make it home alive for dinner. The more of his colleagues he sees fall, the more he will look for a way to get out before he too becomes the target.

As the stress level builds up, the oppressors and those who do their bidding will develop a bunker mentality. They will spend increasingly larger amounts of time, effort, and money trying to ensure their own safety and survival.

At the same time, they will be neglecting their other duties. The wheels of government will start to grind to a halt, not just because of the actions of those sabotaging the work of the government, but because those who hold the reins won't have the time to fix the things going wrong.

They will be too worried about whether they are going to see the sun set to worry about taxes being paid, traffic controlled, or grain harvests collected. As government services suffer, so will the lives of the ordinary citizens.

As people get less and less out of being good citizens, more of them will start to complain, join protest movements, and begin to ignore or evade the tax and other laws. A downward cycle starts which makes the rewards of holding power less and less attractive. Like the owner of a business gone bad, the political leader wonders how he can escape with his wealth and his health.

## THE ENEMIES OF FREEDOM ARE ALWAYS WILLING TO FIGHT TO THE LAST DROP OF BLOOD, AS LONG AS IT'S NOT THEIR BLOOD.

The oppressors won't give up without a fight. The first thing they will do is to crack down with secret police, martial law, tightened censorship, massive arrests, and curfews. But that hurts the ordinary citizen the most, not the secret freedom fighter or the well-organized resistance. As neighbors, the innocent, and even children disappear into the jaws. of the secret police, the wedge will be driven deeper between the oppressors and those they try to rule.

Out of desperation, the oppressors will try to rally the people to their side using calls for national unity and patriotism as the bait. They will look for or invent common enemies in the hopes of frightening the population back into obedience. They may even take the country to war, or try to convince the population that enemies are about to cross the border.

That may work for a while, especially if there really is an enemy who decides to take advantage of the country's political disintegration. However, unless the oppressors have a Hitler or a Stalin on the other side of the border, their call to war usually won't work, at least not for long.

The oppressor government will bounce from one disaster to the next.

As long as the people who want freedom keep the pressure up, they'll have it. The people in power will stop thinking about how they are going to stay in power and start thinking about how they can get out and still keep their skins.

## WHEN THE TYRANTS START LOOKING FOR THEIR OWN ESCAPE, THE GAME IS WON.

There are several different ways the oppressors can go about giving freedom back to the people once they decide they have no other choice.

1. Declare a victory and go home. The foreign invader finds the country he's seized can't be digested. His imperialist bosses back home decide the adventure is costing too much money, too many lives, or too much political hassle with the subjects in the motherland. Before leaving, the occupying military power will try to build up the puppet government they have been using to rule. They will declare the puppet a success and announce the "liberated" country no longer needs the support of foreign troops.

Usually, once the foreign troops are gone, the puppet government doesn't last long. But that isn't always true. The Government of South Viet Nam lasted less than two years, while the British left a democracy in India that is still going strong.

2. Lose the war they started and let the victor sort it out. That won't be the way they planned it when they started shooting at their neighbors, but it is a likely outcome. (That's what happened with Germany and Japan.) Other countries might not be so lucky in the choice of enemies made by their oppressors. If that kind of thing happens, the secret freedom fighter will just be starting.

3. Pack up and run like hell. This has been the most popular way for dictators in the Third World to give up power. Most of them plan for such a day by salting away substantial amounts of foreign currency in Swiss bank accounts. Batista, Somoza, and Amin all took that route out of power, leaving the country to the rebels in the hills or whoever could get seated in the presidential chair first.

4. Turn into a freedom-loving democracy. This is the best possible result, as far as freedom-loving citizens are concerned. When the smart dictators find out the people won't let them keep their freedom from the population, they will start giving bits of it back. They will announce elections and, if the pressure keeps up, actually have them. The first time or two they will try to rig them to get themselves elected. When that doesn't bring peace, they'll go the whole way.

Controls on the press will be lessened a bit, and then a bit more. Once freedom is let off the leash, it has a tendency to run wild. Political prisoners will be pardoned and let out of jail. Amnesty will be offered to the rebels in the hills. The dictator won't give any more freedom back than he absolutely has to, but if the people keep the pressure on, eventually they will get it all back.

It has happened. The most recent example is Argentina. If enough people in any country insist on freedom and demonstrate they will fight to get it, it will happen.

While this last way is the best way to get your freedom back, it presents a dilemma for the secret freedom fighter. There won't be a specific moment when a country suddenly turns free. When do you stop fighting and go back to working within the system?

When you are convinced the bastards really mean what they are saying, then you can return to working within the system. Each secret freedom fighter will have to set his own guidelines to make a decision. Much will depend on your specific situation. What it really comes down to is at what point do you have the freedoms back that you consider most important?

As the government moves closer to freedom, the level of violence will decrease, which in turn should encourage the government to accelerate the process of granting more freedom. Of course, there will always be those dictators who think a down-turn in violence means they can slow down the release of freedom. If that slow-down hurts you, a few more freedom-fighting operations ought to encourage a bit of speed out of the oppressors.

## DO SECRET FREEDOM FIGHTERS MARCH IN THE VICTORY PARADE?

The occupying army has fled. The puppet government has crumbled, with the leaders following their foreign masters into exile. The popular guerrilla leader from the hills is sitting in the capital building, while citizens dance and hug in the streets. The nightmare is over, and freedom is back.

The new leader knows he and his band of insurgents didn't do it alone. He's seen the hand-outs posted on walls; he's counted the dead the enemy left behind that he had nothing to do with. He's figured out that there were hundreds of men like yourself, fighting alone and in secret, each doing more to hurt the oppressors than a dozen of his fighters in the hills ever did.

It's time to share the glory. The new president invites all the secret freedom fighters to come forward to march in the victory parade, to enjoy the thanks and appreciation of the people.

Keeping a secret isn't easy. Wouldn't it be nice to be able to brag to a few people about the Russian general you poisoned, the auto accident you arranged, the files you destroyed, the traitor you slaughtered? Wouldn't it be great to march in the parade, watching the pride in the eyes of your wife (who thought you were out with a lover all those times), and your children (who wondered why daddy never rough( back)?

Maybe, if she really is a great girl, in the secret of the night, you might tell your wife. If they are old enough and wise enough, you might tell your kids some day. But march in the victory parade? Forget it. If you need glory and the praise of others to enjoy winning freedom, you should have never become a secret freedom fighter in the first place.

## LEADERS ARE NOT TO BE TRUSTED AND FOLLOWED, THEY ARE TO BE CONTROLLED AND LIMITED.

That's the whole basis of the theory of democracy. A freedom-loving citizen tolerates the people in charge, as long as they are providing the services of a government that a free democracy needs, and nothing more than that.

That new leader everybody loves has only been on the job for a few days. What do you really know about him? If he has been running successful military operations, he's used to giving orders, not encouraging people to do whatever strikes their fancy.

He doesn't want all the secret freedom fighters out in public to honor them. He wants them out where his men can keep an eye on them and get their names on a list. Five will get you ten that one of the first things he will ask is that the freedom fighters turn in their weapons. After all, he will say, "now that you are free, you don't need them." Answer his call, and he makes sure that an experienced secret freedom fighter doesn't interfere with his plans for a great society.

Notice I said a great society, not a free one. Unfortunately, damn near every revolution in the world got sold out by the very people who led it. Sure, when they were on the outs, they talked about fighting for freedom and liberty. But what they were really doing was glorying in being in charge, giving orders, and watching them carried out. Such people don't organize and fight to make everybody free. They wanted to throw the bastards out so they could take over the perks of power for themselves.

Castro defeated Batista. The Sandinistas threw out Somoza. Qadhafi sent the King of Libya running; and guess who got rid of the Shah of Iran? Time and again, what the people thought was a fight for freedom was a fight to put somebody even worse in power.

## SECRET FREEDOM FIGHTING CAN NOT ONLY GET FREEDOM BACK, IT CAN GUARANTEE YOU'LL KEEP IT.

If you want to enjoy your hard-earned freedom for a while, sit the parade out. Let the new leader keep worrying about who you are and what you might do next. That's the only way to keep him honest.

Relax and start having fun with life and freedom, but keep ready for the next round. Life has no guarantees, except for your own willingness to insist on freedom and being left alone. If the government you have lets you do what you want to do with your life and your property, that's great.

But watch out. The world is filled with people who love to wallow in the cesspool of power. They love a parade, as long as they stand in the reviewing stand. Their gratification is giving orders and having them obeyed.

The only real control on this kind of men is in the hands of the people they would enslave. If you are free, you deserve it. If you make it clear to all that you will fight to keep it, you will.

If you are not free, it's your fault, no matter what country you are living in.

# SECRET FREEDOM FIGHTER

Life is not worth much if you're not free—and worth nothing at all if you're dead. Freedom can be stolen from you at any time. Be prepared. Find out how *every* citizen can maximize his own freedom while minimizing the risks by being a secret freedom fighter.

A totalitarian state is what we might get after the collapse of society, economic disaster or natural cataclysm. And then we'll have to fight for our freedom as well as for survival. If you want to be a secret freedom fighter, you won't join any protest groups, stand on street corners making speeches, or run with a mob that throws rocks at cops. The secret freedom fighter must fight alone.

The secret freedom fighter has to be the invisible man, always working in secret. Because he is one man working alone, he doesn't have to do as much damage in a single operation as a guerrilla force would to justify the risk. And he doesn't have to worry that someone will betray him and turn him in to the authorities.

With years of experience in governmental, religious and freelance assignments around the world, the author has learned how unfree governments work and where they are most vulnerable to attack by an individual acting on his own. He tells which targets are fair game—and which aren't—choosing weapons and methods, lethal and nonlethal tactics, working within your own limitations to wreak havoc on morale and government operations, and much more.

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